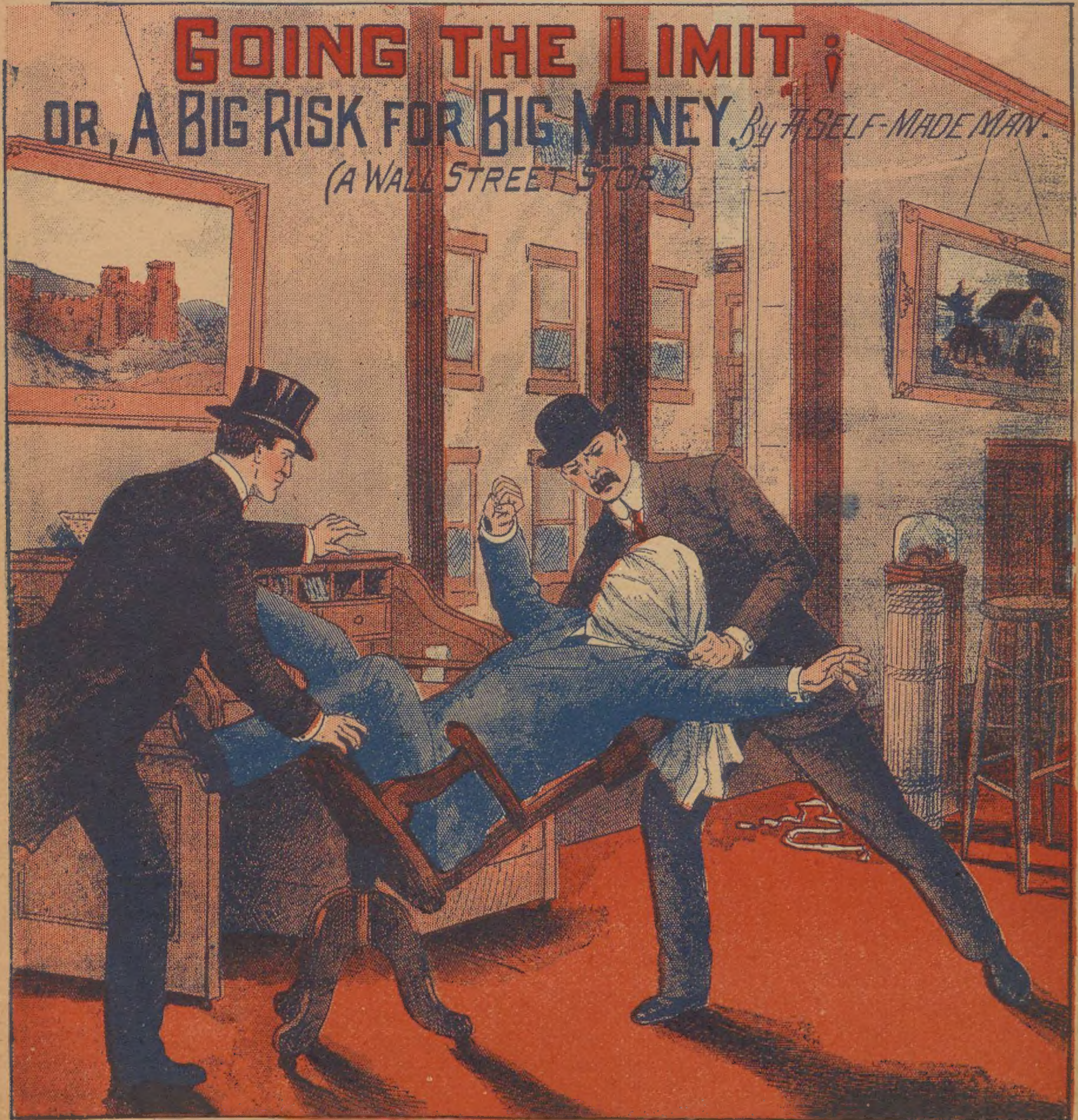


FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES OF BOYS WEEKLY WHO MAKE MONEY.



Before the boy knew what was going to happen to him, Jackson suddenly threw a cloth over his head and pulled him backward. He tried to grasp his assailant, but Harding prevented that by stepping forward and seizing his wrists.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$4.00 per year Canadian, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Copyright, 1928, by Westbury Publishing Co., Inc., 140 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second Class Matter Dec. 8, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879

No. 180

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1928

Price 8 Cents.

GOING THE LIMIT

OR, A BIG RISK FOR BIG MONEY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Bob and His Sister.

"Why, hello, Nellie, what brings you here at this time of the day, and why do you look so solemn?" asked Bob Carson, messenger for Edward Fitzball, broker, of No. — Wall Street, to a pretty, bright-eyed lady, about a year older than himself, who had just entered the office.

Nellie was his sister, and an expert stenographer, who had been working for Nathan Copley, an Exchange Place broker, for the past six months.

"I've left my position, Bob," replied the girl.

"What, left Copley?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I couldn't stand being made love to by Mr. Copley—a man old enough to be my father," replied Nellie, with an indignant look.

"You mean your grandfather. So he's been at it again, eh?"

"Again? He has hardly ceased to annoy me during the last four months; but lately his attentions have become so pointed that I just couldn't stand them. Today he actually had the nerve to propose to me."

"The dickens he did," chuckled Bob.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Nellie, with a pout.

"I do. The idea of that old geezer proposing to a girl of your age. I should like to have seen how he managed it. Did he get down on his knees?"

"No, he didn't," cried Nellie, a bit sharply.

"How did he pull off the trick?"

"I think it's real mean of you to make fun of me," said the girl, looking as if she wanted to cry.

"Don't get mad, Nellie. I only wanted to learn how he behaved."

"Mis-behaved, you mean. He pushed his chair up against mine and tried to put his arm around my waist. I was so indignant that I—I slapped his face."

"You did?"

"I did, and good, too. Then I jumped up, left the room, put on my hat and left the office. I came straight here to tell you about it."

"I guess you served him right, Nellie. The old orang-outang had no right to make love to you. That wasn't what he hired you for. It

was quite proper for you to cut loose from him under the circumstances. He owes you four days' pay. I'll go around to his office and collect it for you, for, of course, you wouldn't care to go back and demand it yourself."

"I certainly would not, much as we need the money. It's too bad I am out of work, for mother depends on both of us to turn in our wages. I must try and get another position right away."

"Oh, there's no great rush. We won't starve because you're not working."

"But mother will be sure to fall behind in the rent."

"No, she won't. I'll see that she gets that, and anything else she needs."

"How can you when you only get eight dollars a week? I made twelve myself."

"Sis, can you keep a secret?"

"Of course I can. What is the secret?" asked the girl, curiously.

"You promise not to tell mother?"

"That will depend," replied Nellie.

"On what?"

"Whether it's right I shouldn't tell her."

"If I've kept it from her, and from you, too, for weeks, there is nothing improper about it."

"Well, tell me."

"I've been speculating in the stock market for the last six months, on the quiet, and I've made quite a little wad of money."

"Is that true?"

"So help me bob, it is."

"Now, aren't you the mean boy not to tell us?"

"No, I'm not mean. I have an object."

"What is it?"

"To surprise mother with a good-sized roll by and by. I intended to surprise you, too, but now the cat is out of the bag."

"You have surprised me. How much have you got? As much as fifty or sixty dollars?"

"Fifty or sixty donkeys! What's fifty or sixty dollars? I'm worth \$600."

"What! Six hundred dollars!" almost screamed the girl.

"That's what I said."

"I don't believe it."

"That's fierce, for a fellow's only sister to call him a prevaricator. I've got the money all right."

"I'd like to see it."

"I can't show you the cash just now, but I can show you a certificate of deposit on the little bank on Nassau street where I put my deals through. You know what a certificate of deposit is when you see it, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Feast your eyes on that," and Bob drew a paper from his pocket and showed it to his sister.

As it bore the lithographed form of the bank, and was filled out in Bob's name, his sister could not doubt its genuineness.

"Oh, Bob, why didn't you give mother some of this money? You know she needs it," said Nellie.

"I've only just made the greater part of it on a lucky deal I closed out three days ago. I was thinking about handing her \$100, but I was afraid she'd ask me where I got so much money, and I didn't want to give my secret away to her yet."

"Well, you could give her \$25, and tell her you made it in stocks. She won't ask any questions, she'll be so glad to get it. Then in a little while you can give her another \$25, and tell her the same story. Now that I'm out of work she'll need the money badly."

"I told you not to worry about the rent, or anything else. I mean to make more money with the capital I've got now, but, of course, I won't let mother go short of anything she needs. Say, sis, I've got an idea," said Bob, suddenly. "Do you know I think it'll be just the thing for you."

"What is it?"

"Johnson, the patent man upstairs, remarked yesterday in my hearing that somebody ought to start a public stenographer's office in this building. He says he hasn't enough work to hire a girl steady, and there are many like him in the house. He has to send out for a girl to come in and take dictation, and the others have to do the same. This is rather expensive, considering the amount of work to be done, as the girl's time is charged up from the moment she leaves her office till she gets back again. And then there are messenger charges. In my opinion it is just as cheap to have a girl even if she is only partly employed, but everybody hasn't room for a girl. Now there's a small room for rent on the seventh floor. Suppose I take it for you furnish it with a rug, desk or table, as you prefer, several chairs, and such other things as you may think necessary, have your name painted on the door, with the words 'Public Stenographer' underneath, with suitable office hours, and get some cards printed to circulate throughout the building? You would probably build up a business for yourself that would pay you more money than you'd get working for an employer, and you'd be your own boss, and stand in no danger of anybody making love to you. What do you think of the idea? I think it first-class. You're an A-1 stenographer, and it seems to me you're sure to succeed. At any rate, I'm willing to back you till you get on your feet."

Nellie was delighted with her brother's suggestion.

"I could visit the small offices in the build-

ing where no stenographers are employed, leave my card, and say I'd work at a reasonable figure," she said.

"Sure you could. I'll hire the room for you this afternoon after I get off and then buy the furniture. You can rent a machine for \$3 a month, and afterward, if you buy the typewriter, the rent will be allowed on the purchase price."

Nellie felt in quite a flutter when her brother put the matter right up to her for immediate action. She was so enthusiastic over it that she told Bob to go ahead and do it.

"I'll have the room ready for you tomorrow, and you can start in canvassing for work as soon as you get your business cards, which ought to be ready by tomorrow noon. Now go home, tell mother how you came to throw up your job, and then tell her that a good friend of yours—you needn't give me away in the matter—is going to start you up in the public stenographer's business, and that you feel sure you will make more money at it than working for another boss."

Nellie said that she would, and the cashier calling Bob to his desk at that moment, his sister took her departure, feeling a whole lot better than when she entered Mr. Fitzball's office.

CHAPTER II.—Nellie Carson Makes a Successful Start.

Bob was as good as his word. He rented the room on the seventh floor that afternoon, and then, after leaving an order for a couple of hundred cards with a printer, went up on Nassau street and bought a writing table and three chairs. He got a nice rug for the floor at another store, and also purchased four water-color pictures for the walls. He arranged with a sign painter to decorate the door with his sister's name and business, and finally rented a typewriter of the make Nellie was accustomed to. When he got home he handed his mother \$25, and told her he had made it out of the stock market. All this expenditure, including a month's rent of the office, reduced Bob's capital about \$150; but he didn't mind that, for he had his sister's interest at heart, and if she made a success of the venture it was bound to help the family.

Nellie was a smart girl, with nerve enough to canvass business for herself, and she started in at once as soon as he got her business cards. Before three o'clock she had secured half a dozen steady customers in the building, and other gentlemen kept her card and promised to consider her application for work. Bob, being busy with his own duties, did not see her until after he finished for the day, when he took the elevator up to the seventh floor to see if she was in her office. She was, and busy at her typewriter.

"I see you've got something to do, sis," he said as he seated himself beside her.

"Yes, this work is for a gentleman on this floor," she replied. "It's in a hurry, so don't talk to me until I finish it."

"I'll go out and get a little lunch and come back again," he said.

Inside of half an hour he was back, and brought with him a book for his sister to keep a record of her work in. Then she told him that she had done quite a bit of work since one o'clock. While they were conversing a gentleman from the floor above came in and asked if she could take some dictation from him, as he had several letters he wanted done.

"Certainly," she replied.

He took a chair and began talking off what he wanted typewritten, after handing her the necessary letter sheets bearing his name and business, and as many envelopes to be addressed. Bob took advantage of the chance to go around to Nathan Copley's office to collect what was due his sister.

"Isn't Miss Carson coming back?" asked the bookkeeper, when he explained his errand.

"No, sir, she isn't," replied Bob promptly.

"Mr. Copley thinks she is."

"He's got another think coming then."

"Who are you, may I ask?"

"I just told you that I'm her brother."

"Because you say you are doesn't make it so," replied the bookkeeper.

"There's some evidence of the fact," said Bob, showing him a letter addressed to himself, care of Edward Fitzball.

"You might have picked that up on the street."

"I might, but I didn't. Are you going to give me her money?"

"No. She must come around and get it herself."

"She won't come around for it."

"Why not?"

"Because she's had all she wants of this office."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I'll never tell you, but if you're anxious to know, you'd better ask Mr. Copley. He knows why my sister left."

"Did she have a row with him?"

"Get your information from Mr. Copley."

"He didn't tell me she was discharged."

"She wasn't discharged. She left of her own accord."

"I don't see what the trouble could have been. She seemed a nice girl."

"She is a nice girl. The finest in the city."

"If she's looking for another position she'll want a reference from Mr. Copley. She can ask him for it when she calls for her money."

"She doesn't want any reference from Mr. Copley. She's at work now."

"Is that so? She got a job pretty quick."

"Are you going to pay me or will I have to call again?"

"I can't pay without instructions from Mr. Copley. I know he expects her back. I'll have to tell him that you told me she has another situation."

"I didn't say she had another situation. I said she had work. She has opened an office for herself."

"Opened an office for herself?"

"Yes. She's started as a public stenographer."

"Whereabouts?"

"I'd prefer not to say where her office is."

"Why so?"

"For reasons. You can tell Mr. Copley I will

call tomorrow for her money, and that I expect to get it."

"All right; I'll tell him."

Bob then returned to his sister's office, found her waiting for him, and reported the interview he had had with Copley's bookkeeper.

"Are you through for the day, sis?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll go home," he said.

Next morning Bob, in looking over the previous day's market report, saw that A. & B. stock was going up. He decided that it was a good chance to make a few dollars, so at the first chance that morning he went around to the little bank and bought 40 shares of it on the usual ten per cent. margin. It was bought at 82, as he subsequently found out. When he visited his sister again that afternoon he told her that he was in the market again.

"I do hope you'll be fortunate, Bob," she said. "It would be dreadful if you lost all your money."

"I never look on the shady side of the picture, sis."

"That's very well, but I've been long enough in Wall Street to understand how risky it is to speculate in stocks," said his sister.

"Yet I have made \$600 at the game."

"That is because you have been fortunate. You cannot expect luck will always run your way."

"No matter. I hope to make a few dollars on this new deal. How did you get on today?"

"Splendid. I've been quite busy."

"My idea was a good one, don't you think?"

"Yes. I liked it the moment you mentioned it. Of course, I couldn't have done anything if you hadn't been so good as to start me."

"For which favor I trust you are sufficiently grateful."

"I am indeed, brother dear. You're the best brother in the world."

"I'm glad to hear it; but by and by you'll find some other girl's brother you'll like better."

"Indeed I won't."

"Ho! I know better."

"And how about yourself? Some day you'll find another girl you'll like a great deal better than me."

"I won't deny that. But that's a long time in the future. You'll probably be married before then, and won't care."

"Married, indeed! Why, I haven't got a beau yet."

"Yes, you have. Old man Copley is dead gone on you," grinned Bob.

"I wish you wouldn't mention him."

"I'm glad I mentioned him, for it puts me in mind that I told his bookkeeper yesterday I would call for your money this afternoon, and I had forgotten all about it. Wait till I come back and we'll go home together."

Thus speaking, Bob left Nellie's office. When he made his appearance in Copley's office the bookkeeper nodded to him.

"Here's a full week's wages for your sister," he said. "Please sign that receipt. Mr. Copley says he is sorry to lose Miss Carson, and he hopes she will be successful in the business she has taken up."

Bob said nothing, but receipted for the money, thanked the bookkeeper for it, and walked out.

CHAPTER III.—The Young Man From Chicago.

"Bob," said Mr. Fitzball, on the following afternoon, just after the boy had returned from the bank where he had gone, as was his daily custom, to deposit a bunch of checks and cash, "I've got an errand for you to execute for me this evening."

"This evening, sir?" replied Bob, in surprise, for this was something new.

"Yes. It's unusual, but necessary," replied the broker.

"All right, sir. I'm ready to do anything you want."

"Here is a package I want you to take up to the house of George Brown, one of my customers. It contains five United States \$1,000 4's coupon bonds. You must be careful of the bundle, for, as I suppose you know, such bonds are negotiable on sight, and it would be almost the same as losing cash to lose them."

"I'll take good care of the package, sir."

"Take it. Mr. Brown's address is written on it, and you ought to have no difficulty in reaching his house. You can go home now."

Bob put the packet in his pocket, got his hat, but instead of going home, went upstairs to his sister's office. The door was locked, but there was a notice on it to the effect that she would be back in fifteen minutes, so he stood around the corridor until she appeared shortly with some papers in her hands.

"I've got quite a bunch of work to do by five o'clock," she said, as she unlocked the door, "so there isn't any use of waiting for me this afternoon."

Bob followed her inside, took possession of a chair, and pulling out the package of bonds, looked at the address on it. He saw that Mr. Brown lived up in the Bronx, and that the street was not familiar to him.

"I've got to carry this up in the Bronx after supper this evening," he said.

"After supper!" exclaimed his sister. "Why don't you go now? It's only a little after three."

"Mr. Fitzball told me to take it up this evening, so I judge that the gentleman will not be home till then," he answered.

"Whereabouts in the Bronx are you going?"

"Blessed if I know. I'll have to look in the street directory to find out."

After remaining a short time, Bob left to consult a street directory of Greater New York. He learned what he wanted, but still was rather in the dark as to the exact location of Mr. Brown's house.

"I can find it by making some inquiries," he thought.

Then he went home. Immediately after supper he started on his mission. Saving ascertained the station on the elevated road at which he must get off, he did not bother himself further till he reached that point and descended to the street. He entered a drugstore and in-

quired the most direct way of reaching the corner of Blank and ——— streets.

"——— street," said the clerk, "is the third one from this corner. Follow it for nine or ten blocks and you'll come to Blank street."

"Thanks," said Bob. "It's easier to reach than I thought."

He started on his way at a lively gait, for he was anxious to get rid of this valuable packet as soon as possible. It didn't take him long to reach ——— street, and he turned into it.

Near Third avenue this street had many apartment houses, but after he had gone on three or four blocks he came to rows of two-family houses, all built very much alike. After passing the fifth block the houses were not so plentiful, many unimproved lots being interspersed here and there. He reached the seventh corner, and was congratulating himself on the speedy end of his mission when he overtook a well-dressed young fellow, three or four years his senior, going in the same direction. As he was passing him the young man seized him by the arm.

"Beg your pardon," he said. "Are you acquainted around here?"

"No," replied Bob, "I'm not."

"That's a pity," replied the other, releasing his grip.

"Why so?" asked Bob.

"Because I'm looking for my uncle's house, and I was in hopes you might be able to direct me."

"I'm sorry. I never was up this way before. I'm on an errand to a gentleman's residence or I wouldn't be here now. Haven't you any idea where your uncle lives?"

"Yes, he lives at No. ——— Blank street, but I haven't the least idea where Blank street is."

"Why, that's the number I'm bound for. Is the gentleman's name Brown?"

"Yes—George Brown."

"Then you come with me and I'll take you right there," said Bob.

"You know where his house is, then?"

"No; but I know that Blank street is about three block from here, and if the city directory is correct, as I'm sure it is, Mr. Brown's house is somewhere on the block between this street and the next one north."

"It's fortunate that I met you, though, as you say Blank street is only three blocks ahead, I would have reached it all right."

"You haven't visited your uncle before, then?" said Bob, as they walked on together. "Are you a stranger in New York?"

"Yes; I've just arrived from Chicago."

"I suppose I ought to introduce myself as we are both bound for the same place," said Bob. "My name is Bob Carson."

"Glad to know you, Carson. My name is Guy Stanford."

They shook hands.

"You are well acquainted with my uncle, I suppose," went on Stanford.

"No, I don't know him."

"Don't know him!" exclaimed the young man from Chicago in some surprise. "Yet you are about to visit him. Or perhaps it's his ward, Miss Bessie Dale, you are calling on," and Stanford looked hard at his companion.

"I'm not acquainted with any of the family. My visit is simply a business one. My employer sent me up with an important package to deliver to your uncle."

"An important package, eh?" said Stanford, with a sharp look. "Where are you employed?"

"In Wall Street."

"Ah, indeed; and your employer is a banker, I suppose?"

"No, he's a stock broker."

"May ask his name?"

"Edward Fitzball."

"Some stock my uncle has purchased, I presume?"

"Not exactly. The package contains bonds."

Stanford remained silent for a few moments, by which time they reached the corner of Blank street. It was rather a dark street on account of the many trees which obscured the glow of the street lamps. Bob was not sure which side of the street the house he was bound for was on, so to determine the matter he ran up the steps of the corner residence and looked for the number.

He failed to find the number displayed, either on the door or the inner fanlight, so he tried the next house, but with no better success.

"I think there ought to be a law or an ordinance compelling house owners to show the number of their houses so that a person could see it," he said.

"I agree with you," replied Stanford. "Try the next house."

Bob did so without result. They reached the middle of the block before they found a number visible to their eyes. With that number Bob was able to determine, in a general way, the location of George Brown's residence, which was on the opposite side of the street. They crossed over, and found that numbers were just as scarce there.

"I'm going to make inquiries at this house," said Bob.

He ascended the stoop and rang the bell. A gentleman answered the ring.

"Can you tell me in which of these houses Mr. George Brown lives?" Bob asked.

"The fourth house from here," was the reply.

"Thank you. Sorry I was obliged to trouble you, sir," and with a bow the boy returned to the sidewalk. "I know the house now," he said to his companion.

"Glad to hear it," answered Stanford.

"This is it," said Bob, when they came to the fourth house. A neatly dressed servant answered his ring.

"Is Mr. George Brown in?" asked Bob.

"He stepped out a few minutes ago, but will return shortly. Are you the boy from Wall Street he expects?" asked the servant.

"Yes. I'm from Wall Street."

"Walk in, please."

"This is Mr. Brown's nephew——"

"I'll introduce myself," interrupted Stanford, somewhat curtly.

The servant showed them into the parlor. At the back of the parlor the curtains were looped up, showing the interior of Mr. Brown's library, where the gas was turned low. It was furnished with a handsome rug, a desk, book cases

full of books, and a safe. Over the desk hung the picture of a very pretty, golden-haired girl of perhaps sixteen years. Bob, not relishing his companion's remark when he started to introduce him to the servant as the nephew of Mr. Brown, remained silent. Guy Stanford did not speak either. Every few moments he cast a furtive look at Bob. Finally he got up, walked nervously to the front window and looked out. The street was deserted. He glanced sharply up and down it, at the same time fumbling in one of his pockets. Turning around, he walked right up to Bob.

"I don't see any sign of my uncle coming," he said. "If you are in a hurry you can leave that package you brought with me, and I will hand it to Mr. Brown when he comes."

"I'm in no special hurry," replied Bob. "Much obliged for your offer, but I am responsible for that package, and can only give it to Mr. Brown himself."

"Is it very valuable, then?"

"Bonds naturally are valuable."

"What kind of bonds are they?"

"You'll have to excuse me answering that question," said Bob, rather surprised at his companion's nerve.

"I want to know," replied Stanford sharply.

"You'll have to get your information from your uncle, then."

"Will I?"

His arm went up suddenly, and Bob caught the glint of some kind of a weapon in his hand. He sprang back, startled and surprised, to avoid the impending blow. Stanford, however, seized him by the arm, as he struck at him. Bob felt a stunning blow on the side of his head. His senses reeled under it, and, after a feeble attempt to save himself, he fell to the floor unconscious.

CHAPTER IV.—Uncle and Nephew

After a hurried glance at the door leading into the hall, the young man from Chicago bent down and began rifling the young messenger's pockets. The packet of bonds quickly came to light, and after a rapid glance at the address upon it, he thrust it into his pocket. From another pocket he pulled a couple of dollar bills which he appropriated. At that moment his sharp ears detected the rattle of a key in the hall door. He quickly shoved Bob under the sofa on which he had been sitting, and sat down himself. A fine-looking gentleman entered the house and came into the parlor. As he walked straight for the library, Stanford got up and confronted him.

"How do you do, Uncle George?" he said suavely.

Mr. Brown stopped, started at his visitor, and, recognizing him, said coolly:

"So it's you, Guy Stanford. What brings you here?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd pay you a visit," replied Stanford, coolly. "Sorry that you do not seem glad to see me. I was hoping that you'd kill the fatted calf in honor of my coming, but I see I overrated the warmth of your reception."

"I thought I told you never to visit me again?" replied Mr. Brown, in a still colder tone.

"I admit that you said something to that effect, but you see blood is stronger than water, and so—"

"Blood!" answered the gentleman, angrily. "You have certainly proved yourself an honor to the family."

The sarcasm of the last sentence was quite lost on his visitor.

"Don't hit a fellow when he's down," said Stanford, in a laughing tone.

A look of angry disgust crossed Mr. Brown's face.

"I have no wish to continue this interview," he said. "You are a disgrace to the family, so the sooner you return whence you came the better pleased I shall be."

"You're very hard on me. Remember, please, that I'm the only son of your dead sister."

A spasm swept over the gentleman's features.

"Would that I could forget that her blood flows in your veins. Only for the fact that you are her son you would be in the State prison—a fate you richly deserve."

"Do I look like a felon? I should fancy not."

"Looks are deceptive in your case. The word rascal may not be apparent in your handsome countenance, but it is written in bold characters on your heart."

"Thank you for the compliment, uncle," replied the young man, with an irritating laugh.

"I don't wish you to call me uncle. I decline that honor," cried the gentleman, angrily.

"The fact remains that I am your nephew whether you care to acknowledge it or not," returned the visitor.

"I wish to know the object of your visit," said Mr. Brown, curtly.

"Well, the object of my visit is money. I wish to negotiate a loan with you that will carry me over until things brighten with me."

"You will get no further pecuniary assistance from me. I thought I made that plain to you when we last met."

"I hope you will reconsider your determination, for I need money badly. I am over head and heels in debt, and I can't extricate myself without help."

"You'll get none from me. I am through with you for good."

"You mean that, do you?"

"I do. Now I'll trouble you to go and never darken my door again."

"Can I see Bessie before I go?"

"No!" roared Mr. Brown, with fierce emphasis. "How dare you ask to see her after—"

His voice choked with passion, while his eyes flashed fire.

"Leave my house this instant, do you hear?" he added, grasping his nephew by the arm and essaying to force him out of the room.

At that moment there was a movement under the sofa, but it escaped the attention of the two actors on the scene. Guy Stanford resisted his uncle's efforts to eject him, and they were soon engaged in a rough scuffle. The young man shook himself loose and ran into the library. Mr. Brown lost no time in following him there. The noise they made was heard upstairs by a very

pretty, golden-haired girl who was reading in the sitting-room. She started up and listened. Suddenly she dropped the book with a look of alarm on her features and ran to the head of the stairs. The sounds came plainer to her there.

She instantly tripped downstairs. In the meantime Bob Carson had recovered his senses and realized where he was. He soon discovered that there were two persons in the parlor, and that they were engaged in a kind of wordy scrap. He listened and overheard enough of the talk to understand that the persons were the young man from Chicago, who had attacked and knocked him out with some kind of a blunt weapon, and the gentleman he had called to see and deliver the package of bonds to. He also saw that the young fellow was in decidedly bad favor with Mr. Brown, and he did not wonder at it after what had happened to him through the young man's agency. Guy Stanford, as he had said his name was, seemed to be a hard case. In fact, he had demonstrated the fact beyond a doubt. When the interview ended in the personal struggle between the gentleman of the house and his nephew, Bob decided it was time for him to extricate himself from his uncomfortable position under the sofa, where he knew he had been shoved by Stanford. But before making that move his suspicions made him feel for the valuable packet which had been intrusted to him by his employer. It was gone as he feared. Clearly he had been robbed by the young rascal from Chicago. As soon as he discovered the fact he hastened to get out from under the sofa. While he was doing so, Brown grabbed his graceless nephew once more as he stood at bay, with a wicked look on his face, in the library.

"Come, get out of my house, you scoundrel," cried the gentleman. "If you ever come back I'll hand you over to the police and let you reap the reward you so richly deserve."

"Give me \$500 and I'll never trouble you again," said Sanford.

"Not a cent—not a cent, do you understand?" cried his enraged uncle.

It was at that moment that Bob crawled out from underneath the sofa, and the young lady, whose name was Bessie Dale, appeared at the parlor door.

"Then if you won't give it to me I'll take what I can get, and give you a receipt in full for your hard words. Take that," and Stanford struck at his uncle with the same weapon he had used on Bob.

The blow took effect on the gentleman's head, and he staggered back with the blood streaming from a gash on his forehead. Bessie uttered a thrilling scream and rushed forward as Stanford followed Mr. Brown with his arm raised to repeat the blow. Bob, however, sprang ahead of her and caught the descending arm of the young man in time to save the gentleman. With a snarl of angry consternation Stanford closed with the young messenger, and a desperate struggle ensued between them. Mr. Brown would have fallen but for Bessie, who caught and supported him in her arms.

"Send for the police," said Mr. Brown, as soon as he collected his senses.

Then he looked at his nephew and the boy with whom he was struggling.

"Who is this person, and when did he come in?" he said, for he had never seen Bob before.

"I don't know, guardy. I saw him come out from under the sofa."

"From under the sofa?"

"Yes, guardy, and he saved you from being struck a second time by——"

She stopped suddenly, for she had recognized Stanford and did not care to utter his name. At that juncture Bob succeeded in tripping Stanford up, and they both fell to the floor, Bob on top. The young messenger grabbed the slug-shot the rascal held in his hand and wrenched it out of his grasp.

"Now lie still or I'll put you to sleep," he said, puffing from his exertions.

Stanford lay still and glared up at him. Mr. Brown, wiping the blood from his face with his handkerchief, stepped forward and looked down at them.

"Bessie," he said, "go downstairs and bring me a piece of rope of some kind. Young man," he went on, addressing Bob, who he saw was well dressed and respectable looking, as Bessie left the room on her errand, "I don't know who you are, nor what errand brought you here, but you have rendered me a great favor in subduing that young rascal you have hold of, and I thank you for it."

"You are evidently Mr. George Brown," replied Bob. "My name is Bob Carson. I came here tonight to hand you a package of United States bonds intrusted to me by my employer, Edward Fitzball, of No —— Wall Street."

While speaking Bob did not take his eyes nor his attention off Stanford, who he knew would take instant advantage of any lack of watchfulness on his part.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "I was expecting you. When did you come?"

"I came with this chap, whom I met on —— street, three blocks from here. He told me that his name was Guy Stanford, and that he was a nephew of yours. He was looking for your house, at least he said he was, though he had the number and the street all right. We were admitted together by the servant and shown into the parlor. I had foolishly told him the nature of my errand here, and while waiting for you to return he asked me to tell him the kind of bonds I had brought with me. When I declined to do so, he struck me with this slung-shot—the same weapon he used on you—and that is all I remember till I came to my senses under the sofa in the parlor, and heard you and he engaged in an altercation, which ended in his attack upon you in this room."

"Your explanation is quite satisfactory, young man, and I thank you again for your timely interference, which may have even saved my life from that graceless young ruffian, whom I must acknowledge as a relative."

"You are welcome, sir. While you are waiting for the rope you sent for, I wish you would search your nephew's pockets."

"Search his pockets?"

"Yes. After knocking me senseless he took that packet of bonds from me. As you know its value, I guess you'd better get possession of

it as soon as possible and relieve me of the responsibility."

Mr. Brown was clearly of Bob's way of thinking, for he lost no time in searching Stanford's clothes, and soon found the package in question.

Bessie then appeared with a piece of clothes line, with which Mr. Brown bound his nephew while Bob held him. The young lady regarded the young messenger with not a little curiosity, for she saw that her guardian was on a friendly footing with him, which assured her that the stranger must have given a satisfactory explanation of his presence in the house. She also noted that Bob was good looking and manly, which predisposed her toward him. As soon as Guy Stanford was rendered helpless, Mr. Brown introduced Bob to the girl, representing her as his ward. He then told the boy to follow him upstairs to the bath-room, where he would have the facilities for washing the wound he had received, and brushing his clothes. While Bob was attending to himself Bessie got a towel and warm water, and fixed up her guardian's hurt as best she could.

After examining the bonds that the boy had brought he signed the receipt for them, and then Bob took his departure. When he was gone Mr. Brown had an interview with his nephew, and on his promise to leave the city, gave him \$100 and let him go. Guy Stanford, however, did not intend to leave New York, for he was not through with his uncle, and furthermore he intended to get square with Bob Carson.

CHAPTER V.—An Aged Admirer.

As Bob had promised Mr. Brown to keep the affair at his house a secret, he said nothing to his mother or sister about it when he got home. They could not help noticing the cut on the side of his head, but he passed it off as an accident, and made light of it. He was also silent at the office when he handed the receipt for the bonds to Mr. Fitzball. During the day he noticed that his A. & B. stock had gone up a point, and that made him feel good. When the Exchange closed at three it had advanced another half point. As soon as he got off for the day he went to a lunch house and got a sandwich and cup of coffee, after which he called on his sister and found that business was improving.

"Well, sis," he said, "that stock I went into is up a point and a half above what I gave for it."

"How much are you ahead, then?"

"Oh, something over \$50."

"How much higher do you think it will go?"

"Haven't the least idea, but I believe it's good for five points the way the general market looks at present."

"I hope you will realize your expectations with regard to it, but I don't like the idea of you speculating with your little money."

"Nothing ventured nothing won. I know more than one messenger who has made several thousand dollars out of lucky ventures in the market."

"Don't you know of others who have lost their money in the same way?"

"That's true enough."

"That ought to be warning to you."

"It's a warning to me to be careful. Come on, let's go home."

Next day while Bob was on his way to the Exchange with a rush message, he saw a young man standing on the corner of Nassau street, where the sub-treasury building is, who looked so like Guy Stanford that he took a second look at him.

"I wonder if that can be the rascal?" he said to himself. "I thought his uncle intended to hand him over to the police. He must have relented for family reasons and let him go. It's a good thing that he didn't make his escape from the house with that package of bonds, or I'd have been in a lot of trouble over it. Mr. Brown could have held my boss responsible, I guess, as he could have shown that I never handed him the package. However, it turned out all right, by good luck. I hope I won't run against that Chicago chap again, for it is probable that he has no kindly feelings toward me."

Bob dashed into the Exchange and then forgot all about Stanford. When the young messenger started back to the office Stanford was still on the corner, but was not alone now. He was talking to a tall, well-dressed man with a silk hat. Bob passed on and reported to the cashier. He had something else to think about besides the Chicago chap. One of the things was the rise of another point in his stock.

"I guess I made no mistake in getting in on A. & B.," he thought. "I'd give something to know when I ought to sell out to the best advantage."

Two days later A. & B. was up to 87 3-8, and at that figure Bob decided to sell out, and take no more chances on it going higher. An opportunity coming his way to reach the little bank, he went there and closed out his deal. He had reason to congratulate himself on getting out when he did, for that afternoon A. & B. went down a couple of points, and though it recovered some on the following day, it did not go up as high as 87 again.

Bob's profits amounted to \$200, and he received his sister's congratulations on his good fortune. In settling with the bank he took a certificate of deposit for \$600, and \$55 in cash. He handed his mother \$50 that evening, telling her he had just completed another lucky deal in the market. His sister, at the end of her second week in business reported that she had earned during the ten days \$56.

"Now, Bob, I want to pay you something on account of what I owe you for starting me," she said.

"You want to do nothing of the kind," he replied. "Your time is worth say \$15 per week. You'll have to save \$12.50 a week for your rent, and your sundry expenses you can put at \$2.50. That makes \$5 a day. All you make over that amount put into a sinking fund to pay your indebtedness to me with and to cover any losses you may run up against. You can begin your sinking fund with \$6 now."

"My sundry expense account will include rent of the typewriter, won't it?" she said.

"Yes."

"Then I'll pay you the \$3 now that you laid out for that purpose."

"All right, you can do that. That leaves a balance of about \$122 you owe me. The items are all down in your account book. Don't fail to credit yourself with the \$3 you've just handed me, and remember to charge up the \$15 per week that you draw out for yourself."

"I won't forget. I'm not much of a bookkeeper, but I guess I can manage to keep my simple accounts. At any rate you'll help me out if I get mixed up."

"Sure I will."

"Dear me, I wish I knew as much about business as you do," said his sister.

"You'll learn. Experience is the best teacher in the world," laughed Bob.

Bob dropped in to see his sister nearly every day, if only for a few minutes. On the following afternoon when he went to her office he found, to his surprise, Nathan Copley, her former employer, there, dressed up like a dude.

As soon as Bob walked in the ancient looking broker got up, bowed profoundly to Nellie, and, leaving a bouquet of beauty roses he brought to her on the table, which she had refused acceptance of, took his departure with a smirk of satisfaction on his withered features. Miss Carson looked flushed and annoyed.

"I'm so glad you came, Bob," she said, looking as if a good cry would have relieved her feelings. "That old fool, if I must call him such, has been here an hour, interfering with my work. He wouldn't take the hints that I threw out, nor would he go when I flatly asked him to do so. He's sure to come again now that he has found out where I am. What shall I do to get rid of him for good?"

"Tell him that time is money with you and you have none to waste on visitors."

"I told him I was busy, and asked him to go, but he wouldn't. The only thing that started him was your coming."

The next time he drops in here give it to him straight from the shoulder at the start. If he won't go, walk out and ask the elevator man to come and request him to go, with instructions to eject him bodily if he refuses. He has no right to come here and annoy you whether you're busy or not. This office is your castle, and no one has any right to stay here except with your permission."

"I wish I could lock the door, but I can't, because I have customers or their representatives coming here all the time during my business hours. When I have to be absent for a short time taking dictation I put a sign up stating how long I expect to be out. If he saw the sign he'd wait till I returned, and I couldn't keep him from following me in."

"I tell you what you might do. The next time he comes in and insists on remaining, run into the office of one of your customers on this floor and telephone me. If I'm in the office I'll get permission to come up, then I'll read the riot act to Mr. Copley and warn him to keep away. If he gets his back up I'll throw him out."

"I don't want to get you in trouble."

"Ho! Don't you worry about me. My duty is to protect you, and I'm going to do it. You're

not here for fun, and shall not be annoyed by that old love sick dude."

Bob saw the flowers and took them up.

"He spread himself when he bought these for you," he said.

Nellie snatched them out of his hand and flung them across the room angrily.

"It's a shame to treat those poor roses that way," chuckled Bob. "If I had a girl they would be just the ticket to present to her."

Bob laughed again, handed his sister his office telephone number, and left to get some lunch. Two days later Bob was called to the office telephone. His sister was at the other end and told him that Broker Copley was in her office and wouldn't leave. Bob got permission to be away a few minutes, and he took an elevator up to the seventh floor, where he found his sister waiting for him.

"So Copley is here again?" said Bob.

"Yes."

"And he won't leave?"

"No, he won't," said his sister, with an angry flush.

"Then I'll have to request him to do so."

"I wish you would, but don't fight him."

"That depends on himself. Come along."

They entered Nellie's office together.

"Mr. Copley," said Bob, getting right down to business, "my sister is busy. Will you kindly take your departure?"

"Why, yes, of course," replied the old broker, getting up, or he didn't like the look in the boy's eye.

"You will also oblige my sister by not coming again," added the messenger.

"Why, why, your sister is a most charming young lady. I have taken a great liking to her. In fact, I have told her that she has only to say the word and she can become Mrs. Copley, live in her own house, and have everything that any lady could wish for."

"My sister doesn't think of getting married at present, but if she did she would not care to marry a man so old as yourself," said Bob.

"Why, why, I'm not so old—only sixty-five."

"She is but nineteen. But I have no time to argue the matter. She is waiting for you to go so she can go on with her work."

"Good-by, Miss Carson. I trust I shall have the pleasure of meeting you soon again. I also hope for a favorable reply to my proposal."

Nellie made no answer, nor did she even look at him. He hesitated, but when Bob threw the door open and stood waiting for him to go, he had no further excuse for remaining and got out. Bob followed him.

"You ought to realize that my sister has business on her hands as important to her as yours is to you, Mr. Copley," he said. "If some woman came into your private office and insisted on remaining and thus interrupting your affairs, you would certainly take measures for getting rid of her, and you wouldn't let her reach you again if you could help it. If you come here again my sister will send for me. I work right in this building on the second floor. I hope you won't give me the trouble to come up to ask you to go again."

Mr. Copley did not answer, but he took the

hint, and Nellie was not bothered by him again in her office.

CHAPTER VI.—The Shooting Trip.

A few days after the foregoing incident Bob saw another chance to get in the market with apparent profit to himself. He overheard some brokers talking about D. & H. as a sure winner. They based their opinion on advices that one of them had received from his brother, who was secretary of the road, to the effect that the line had leased a branch road, the control of which would give them the monopoly of a large freight traffic in iron. The road's stock was selling down around 75, but it was expected that when the news was officially announced that the stock would jump to par. Bob decided that it was worth taking a risk on, so put up all his money to cover the margin on sixty shares. He said nothing to his sister about his new deal.

Next day George Brown came into the office to see Mr. Fitzball. Bob happened to be in and Mr. Brown recognized him at once.

"Glad to meet you again, Carson," he said, shaking the messenger heartily by the hand.

"Thank you, sir. I'm glad to see you. Have you seen anything lately of your nephew?"

"No. And I have no wish to. I let him off for his vicious attack on me on condition that he would go back West immediately and stay there. I presume he went according to the agreement."

"I saw him at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets on the morning of the second day after my visit at your house. He was talking to a well-dressed man."

"Have you seen him since then?" asked Mr. Brown, with a look of displeasure.

"No, sir."

"Then I guess he's left the city," said the gentleman, appearing relieved. "Well, we won't talk about him further. He's a thorn in my side that I wish to forget. By the way, I was going to write you inviting you to take dinner with my ward and myself next Sunday. Can you come?"

"Why, yes, I can come if you wish me to," replied Bob, who had thought more than once of Bessie Dale since the strenuous occasion when he was introduced to her.

"All right, Carson, then I consider the matter as arranged. Come early, say about two. We dine usually at four."

Bob promised that he would be on hand about two, and then Mr. Brown asked him to take his name in to Mr. Fitzball. During the rest of the week nothing was doing in D. & H. in the market and the price remained about the same. On Sunday Bob dressed himself with extra care for his visit to Mr. Brown's residence.

"My, don't we look swell to-day," smiled his sister. "So you're going to dine with your new friend, Mr. Brown? I suppose he's got a charming daughter or two, or you wouldn't have taken such care with your toilet."

"No, he hasn't got a daughter, but he's got a ward, whom I was introduced to the night I carried the package of bonds to his house."

"And you're anxious to meet her again, brother dear. I can read it in your face. I needn't ask if she's pretty, for of course she is or you wouldn't take so much interest in her."

"How do you know that I take any interest in her?"

"Oh, a little bird told me so," laughed his sister.

"Nonsense! You're just trying to pump me to see what you can find out."

"The idea! Just as if I would do such a thing," smiled Nellie, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes.

"Yes, I know; you're awfully innocent. You wouldn't do anything like that. Well, I must be off or I shall be late. I've got quite a distance to go."

So Bob got his hat and started.

He reached Mr. Brown's house a few minutes after two and was shown into the parlor, where he was presently welcomed by the gentleman himself. In a few minutes Bessie made her appearance, looking much prettier than on the former occasion, which was due largely to the frills she put on in expectation of seeing the young messenger. After a little while Mr. Brown left the young people together, and by the time dinner was announced they had become very well acquainted and not a little interested in each other. During the dinner Mr. Brown remarked that he and Mr. Fitzball were going shooting down in the neighborhood of Barnegat on Thanksgiving.

"We're going to start the afternoon before, and remain till the day after. How would you like to go with us?" he said.

"First rate, sir, if Mr. Fitzball has no objection."

"I asked him to let you come, and he consented. It was left to me to invite you; but, of course, you will speak to your employer about the invitation, and then he'll tell you it's all right."

"I'm much obliged to you for inviting me, Mr. Brown."

"That's all right. You needn't think of getting a gun, as I've two in the house. I'll provide everything, so all you'll have to do will be to accompany Mr. Fitzball to Jersey City, where I'll meet you both with the traps."

"Isn't that mean. I'll be all alone on Thanksgiving Day."

"Oh, well, you'll be well taken care of, and you are at liberty to invite any of your young lady friends to come over and visit you," said Mr. Brown.

Bob found Bessie a very companionable girl, who could play on the piano very nicely and sing quite well. He was sorry when the clock warned him that it was time to leave. Bessie went to the door with him and said she hoped he would call soon again. He said it would give him great pleasure to do so, and before they parted it was arranged between them that he was to call a week from the next Wednesday.

Bob was tickled to death with the invitation to accompany his employer and Mr. Brown on a day's shooting, which emancipated him from the office for at least two days. Of course, he would have been off one day anyhow, as Thanksgiving is a legal holiday, and one of the most important in the calendar, since it is universally observed throughout the United States, the same as Christmas or the Fourth of July. Mr. Brown took leave of his ward about one o'clock on the day

before Thanksgiving, after an early lunch, and started for the Cortland street ferry. He wanted to reach the Jersey City side in advance of Mr. Fitzball and Bob in order to see if the traps had arrived there all right, and to check them for Barnegat village over the New Jersey Central Railroad.

His departure from home was observed by somebody besides Bessie, who kissed him a fond good-by on the stoop. This somebody was Guy Stanford, who had been haunting the neighborhood off and on since the night he was ordered out of the house and told to return West. Stanford's chief object in visiting his uncle that night was, as the reader has been told, money, and he was fortunate, after what transpired, in securing \$100. He had another purpose, in which he was disappointed, and that was to secure an interview with Bessie Dale. He had met the girl a year before in Chicago, just before Mr. Brown removed from that city to New York, bringing his ward, and all his household goods with him. Stanford immediately fell in love with her, and his efforts to induce Bessie to elope with him and get married led to a break between him and his uncle.

In revenge for being forbidden the house he and a Chicago crook, with whom he had struck up an acquaintance, broke into the house one night and got away with quite a lot of Mr. Brown's treasures. A smart detective traced both the booty and the thieves, recovering the one and capturing the other. Because Stanford was his dead sister's son Mr. Brown refused to prosecute him, and through the influence of a political pull succeeded in having the charge held up in the District Attorney's office. The young man was permitted to go free, but was warned that if he was ever arrested again on a criminal charge, his first crime would also be used against him. This had a sobering influence on him for several months, during which interval Mr. Brown transferred his home to New York; but his infatuation for Bessie Dale did not pass away, and it finally brought him to the metropolis, as we have seen. He wanted money, and he wanted Bessie, and it was toss-up which he wanted most. The first, however, being a necessity, he decided to acquire it before he attempted what appeared to him the harder proposition of the two, the acquisition of the girl.

Had he left Mr. Brown's house when that gentleman ordered him to go he would have found himself provided with material on which he could have raised \$5,000. He made a mistake by not going while the package of bonds were in his possession. Not having succeeded in finding out the nature or value of the securities from Bob, and having no chance to investigate the packet before his uncle's return, he was not sure the bonds would be available to him, so he tried to get some real cash from his uncle, and failing in that, his disappointment drove him to attack his relative as we have seen. When he was captured, the bonds taken from him, and he was sent away with \$100 to pay his way back to Chicago and keep there for awhile. Instead of going he proceeded to formulate plans to get back at his uncle, incidentally Bob also, and to kidnap Bessie. It was necessary to secure help to carry out his criminal designs, so he got in touch with a couple

of clever rascals who thought by aiding him they could also help themselves.

A scheme involving the robbery of Mr. Brown's house and the abduction of Bessie at the same time was hatched between the three. Everything being in readiness, a decoy note, the object of which was to get Mr. Brown away from home on Thanksgiving night, was mailed to that gentleman on the morning of the day before. Before the postman made his afternoon round, with the letter in his bag, Mr. Brown had started on his hunting trip, thereby unconsciously playing into the hands of the rascals, though they did not become aware of the fact until Stanford, observing his departure, and judging from the small grip he carried, in connection with Bessie's loving caress, that he was bound on some trip, the nature of which did not particularly interest him, hurriedly rejoined his pals and told them what he had seen.

The minor details of their project were then arranged, and Guy Stanford and his two pals parted for the time being.

CHAPTER VII.—A Rather Startling Discovery.

Mr. Brown, Broker Fitzball and Bob Carson reached Barnegat early in the evening, and put up at an old-fashioned inn on the suburbs of the village. This inn had frequently been patronized by brokers from Wall Street, one of whom had recommended it to Mr. Fitzball. It had the reputation of furnishing good entertainment, and its reputation was deserved. The proprietor, a man by the name of Redmond, was not the most honest-looking man in the world, but as he treated his customers well, none of them took the trouble of inquiring into his antecedents.

Had they made such inquiring they would have learned nothing in the village. Redmond's history was not known there—he took good care that it wasn't. It was known at Police Headquarters in New York, however, and his interesting physiognomy adorned the Rogue's Gallery. Any one interested in Redmond would have learned there that the inn proprietor had served a long time in Sing Sing for a serious crime.

Redmond had no other guests at the time the three New Yorkers crossed his threshold, but he had a telegram in his pocket which prepared him for the arrival of four others in the morning. As the telegram was signed by the man who had been his cell-mate in Sing Sing, this did not speak well for the character of the four in question. Redmond never went back on a pal, consequently he was prepared to receive the expected four. Indeed, the telegram was no surprise to him, as certain correspondence by letter had previously passed between him and the sender of the despatch relative to the visit of the four, the only thing missing being the date of arrival of the four, which the telegram straightened out.

A bountiful supper was placed before Mr. Brown, the broker and the young messenger, which they made short work of, and then, as they intended to start out at early dawn in search of sport, they lost no time in retiring for the night. Even while they were eating supper

things were doing up in the Bronx, New York, that would have taken all the zest out of Mr. Brown's outing had he even dreamed of their nature. But he didn't, not being gifted with second sight, and he retired ignorant of the fact that his much-loved ward, pretty Bessie Dale, was at that moment in the power, drugged and unconscious, of his rascally nephew, Guy Stanford, and that his home had been cleaned out of everything of portable value that Stanford's aiders and abettors, Harding and Jackson could carry away in the night hawk cab.

The said cab having deposited the booty, the girl, Guy Stanford and the two crooks at the door of a certain house in Jersey City, the three male passengers lost little time in transferring themselves, the girl and the swag to a touring automobile, which, under the expert management of Harding, was soon speeding toward the very village, and the very same inn, where the three New Yorkers were at that moment tranquilly sleeping.

An early breakfast was awaiting Mr. Brown, the broker and Bob when they appeared in the public room of the inn as the first streaks of dawn were beginning to lighten up the sky. As soon as they had eaten it they started out on their day's shooting, accompanied by a boy connected with the inn whom Mr. Brown had hired to show them the best places to find game. They carried their lunch with them and did not return until the shades of evening were falling over the landscape.

They were tired but in excellent humor, for they had bagged a fine lot of birds. After a good wash they sat down to supper with a fine appetite.

"I've had the time of my life today," said Bob.

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself," said Mr. Brown, who seemed to have taken quite a fancy to the manly young messenger.

"Youth is the time to enjoy one's self," put in Broker Fitzball, with a smile. "I often linger over recollections of my own young days before the responsibilities of life changed the current of my thoughts and actions."

"Oh, well, we can't always remain young; but there is no reason why we should not have good times in spite of our advancing years. At any rate, I manage to enjoy myself in my own way. Like our young friend, I also had a first-class time today, and I dare say you have no reason to feel dissatisfied with your trip to this rural neighborhood."

"Dissatisfied! Certainly not. I've had quite a holiday," responded the broker.

They rose from the table and adjourned to the public room, where the two gentlemen took seats around the fire, while Bob walked to the door and looked out. It was a clear, cold and still night. The stars were all out, but there was no moon. The road that led into the main village street was bordered with leafless trees, standing grim and motionless against the background of the sky. These trees continued along on the side of the road facing the inn, with breaks here and there through which, had it not been dark, the sterile looking fields could have been seen. There were more fields behind the inn, stretching away toward the ocean. Altogether,

Bob thought it was an ideal country outlook. Having eaten a hearty supper, he thought a short walk in the bracing air would do him good. There was no entertainment for him to join Mr. Brown and Broker Fitzball, and listen to their talk. Youth prefers to hobnob with youth, so Bob concluded to look up the lad who accompanied them on their trip.

After walking up the road a short distance and back, he went around to the back of the inn. Here he found a yard, with an open shed and other outhouses, beyond which lay the denuded fields. He saw light shining from the windows of an ell, and from the rattle of dishes in that quarter he concluded it was the kitchen. He walked over and peered in through one of the windows. The boy he had come to look for and a woman were busy with pots and pans, as well as the pile of supper dishes. Bob saw that he couldn't intrude on the youth for the present, for he had his hands full of work, so he strolled around the yard. He came to the barn, the door of which was partly open. A lantern hanging from a nail on a post dimly illuminated the interior. The place was filled with various kinds of agricultural implements, harness, a couple of wagons and a heavy sled, and diverse other farming paraphernalia. His curiosity to inspect some of the things that were new to him induced him to step inside and look around. He was bending over a cultivator when two persons walked into the barn. They did not notice his presence and came to a stop not far from him under the lighted lantern.

"Say, Harding, what in thunder are we going to do?" said a voice that sounded a bit familiar to Bob. "I never heard of anything more unlucky. This inn, that you spoke of being such a snug retreat for the girl, shelters at this moment my uncle, her guardian. Why, if he saw me the fat would all be in the fire. He supposes I am out in Chicago."

Bob looked at the speaker in a startled way and recognized him as Guy Stanford.

"He didn't see you, did he?" replied his companion.

"No, fortunately."

"Then what's the use of getting rattled? This, by some strange chance, is the place he was starting for when you saw him leave his house. Redmond told me he had three guests, two gentlemen and a boy, who had come from New York for a day's shooting, so they will go back in the morning, or in the afternoon at the latest. All you have to do is to keep out of sight till they have taken their departure, and then your uncle's unexpected visit here will amount to nothing as far as we are concerned."

"That's so; but the young lady has recovered her senses, you know, and if she should kick up a shindy in the house it would attract attention, and might lead to unpleasant results for us," said Stanford.

"Don't worry about that. Redmond will take care that nothing happens to queer us."

"I hope so. I don't know what my uncle would do to me after what has happened if he found out my connection with the affair."

"You keep out of the way and he'll never find out."

"There'll be the deuce to pay when he gets

back home, and finds the house cleaned out and the girl gone."

"What do you care? He'll never suspect you had a hand in it, for he thinks you are out West."

"He'll put detectives on our scent, and move heaven and earth to find his ward. He thinks as much of that girl as if she were his daughter."

"They'll never trace us here," said Harding, confidently.

"I don't know. A smart chap and I pulled off a job on my uncle in Chicago, and it was done so slick that we counted ourselves safe; but inside of three days we were both nabbed, and my uncle got all his property back."

"You must have left some clue for the detectives to work on, or your uncle suspected you on general principles, had you shadowed, and the police did the rest."

"I don't know how it was, but it seems to me that it's no fool thing to have a sleuth or two after you."

"You're altogether too nervous. After you get used to this kind of business you'll look at things differently."

"I'd feel easier if we could get the girl out of the house and keep her away until my uncle has gone back to New York."

"Oh, she's safe enough where she is, in the far room of the garret. She'd have to scream pretty loud for any one to hear her. If she was heard, Redmond has a ready excuse to offer. He'd represent he has a partially demented member of his family whom he kept in the house in preference to sending her to a public institution."

"All right. I leave things in your hands, Harding. You and the inn-keeper are pals, so I dare say everything will turn out all right."

"Of course they will. You do what I tell you—keep out of the way until your uncle has left the neighborhood, and nothing will happen. You can sleep on the hay in the loft tonight. You'll find it quite comfortable."

"I'm willing to do anything rather than be seen by my uncle."

"I'm going now. I'll send Jackson out to keep you company."

After what he had heard, Bob had no desire to be caught eavesdropping, so he remained perfectly silent and motionless as Harding passed him and made his exit.

Guy Stanford remained standing under the lantern, apparently thinking, and so it was impossible for the young messenger to withdraw unnoticed. He was amazed at the discovery he had made, and his heart beat with excitement as he realized the meaning of it. It appeared that since Mr. Brown left home the afternoon previous his house had been entered and plundered; and worse than all, it seemed that Bessie had been abducted and brought down to the very inn he was stopping at with the gentlemen.

"Lord, how lucky that I came in here and overheard the conversation between those two rascals," breathed Bob. "Mr. Brown must learn how things stand, but I must be cautious not to let these men get on to me. Bessie is confined in the back part of the garret. She ought to be rescued first of all. I'd like to save her my-

self, for I think a lot of her, and if she escaped through me it would make me solid with her. Mr. Brown would also think a lot more of me. Yes, I must look after her first. Won't Mr. Brown be astonished to find her down here? He won't do a thing to his nephew if he catches him. He'll have no mercy on him this time."

Bob, while soliloquizing, leaned against the cultivator a little too hard, and as a result the implement, which was resting on wooden blocks, went over with a crash, and the boy went floundering on top of it.

CHAPTER VIII.—In the Hands of the Enemy.

Guy Stanford, who believed himself alone in the barn, gave a startled jump when the noise reached his ears. Bob's efforts to regain his feet told the young rascal that somebody was within a few feet of him, and he walked over to see who it was. At that moment Bob got up and the two came face to face. As the lantern light shone on the young messenger's face, Stanford recognized him with a gasp of consternation.

"You here!" he gritted, savagely.

"Yes, Mr. Stanford, I'm here," replied Bob, coolly.

"What brought you here from New York?"

"I came down here yesterday evening with my employer and your uncle for a day's shooting," replied Bob.

"Oh, I see," said Stanford, looking relieved, for he had feared that Bob might have got wind of the robbery and abduction of Bessie Dale, and have followed him and his companions, though such a supposition was not a reasonable one. "What made you come in this barn?"

"I was just looking around."

"When did you come in? I didn't hear you."

"Oh, a few minutes ago."

"You must have seen me. Why didn't you speak to me?"

"Because I don't care to have anything to do with a person who stunned me with a slung-shot and then went through my clothes and robbed me."

Stanford glared at him.

"Look here," he exclaimed with sudden suspicion, "was I alone when you came in here, or was I talking to somebody?"

"I must decline to satisfy your curiosity, and as I have no wish to continue this conversation, I'll bid you good-night."

"Hold on!" cried Stanford, seizing him by the arm, "we don't part so quick. I don't intend that you should go right to my uncle and tell him I am down here."

"Keep your hands off me," said Bob, shaking himself loose and starting for the door.

At that moment Jackson appeared at the entrance.

"Don't let this chap get out," cried Stanford. "I suspect he's been spying on us."

Jackson immediately blocked Bob's path. Stanford then sprang at the young messenger and grabbed him again.

"Get hold of him by the other arm, Jackson," he said.

The newcomer did so, and Bob found himself a prisoner.

"Bring him along. We'll tie him up to yonder post."

"Who is he?" asked Jackson, to whom Bob was a stranger.

"He's a Wall Street messenger."

"A Wall Street messenger, eh? Then he's the boy who came down here shooting with your uncle and the broker."

"He is."

"Does he know you?"

"He does."

"That's awkward, for he's likely to tell your uncle that you are here."

"He won't get the chance if I can help it."

"I don't see how you can stop him. You can't keep him a prisoner in here long, for as soon as he's missed a search will be made for him."

"Help me tie him, and then go and bring Harding. It will never do for my uncle to learn that I'm here."

"No, I'm afraid it would queer all our arrangements," said Jackson, holding on to Bob, while Stanford bound him to the post with several pieces of hay rope.

The young man from Chicago walked to the door with Jackson. They stood there conversing a few minutes, and then Jackson went away. Stanford returned to Bob.

"You see what you get for butting in where you have no business," he gritted, eyeing the boy in no pleasant way.

Bob did not answer him.

"Did you hear any of the talk that passed between me and the tall man in the plug hat?" said Stanford.

"I decline to have anything to say to you," answered Bob.

"That's equivalent to admitting that you did."

Bob remained silent.

"You stubborn monkey, I've a great mind to smash you in the face," he said.

"I dare say you're coward enough to do it," replied Bob.

"If you don't answer me, you'll have to speak out when Harding gets here. He won't take any fooling from you."

This threat had no effect on Bob, and Stanford looked black enough to curdle milk. Finding that he could not force the boy to talk, he walked up and down nervously, waiting for Jackson to return with Harding.

In a short time the two men appeared. Jackson had put his companion wise to the situation, at least as far as he understood it, and Harding admitted that they were up against a serious complication. As soon as Stanford saw them step in he rushed forward and began to talk with Harding in a low tone. After a brief interval the three approached the helpless Bob. Harding studied his face for a moment or two before he spoke.

"You're the young fellow who came down here with the two gentlemen and went out shooting with them today, eh?"

"Yes," replied Bob.

"What brought you around to this barn after your supper?"

"I was just looking around, that's all."

"Did you come in while Stanford and I were talking together?"

"No. I came in here before your arrival."

"But you were in here while we were conversing."

"I admit the fact."

"Where were you during that time?"

"What difference does it make to you where I was?"

"It makes considerable difference. Did you hear what we were talking about?"

"I decline to say whether I did or not."

"I think that is an admission that you did. At any rate, we can't afford to take any chances with you. We have got to believe that you spied on us. As our conversation was of a specially confident nature, we can't let you go free to repeat it to your friends in the public room. I believe you and Stanford have met before under conditions that make you unfriendly to each other. That, however, has nothing to do with the present situation. We believe you have acquired knowledge that makes you dangerous to our interests. It is up to us to prevent you from using it against us. Consequently we shall keep you a prisoner until we can see way clear to letting you go."

Harding was evidently an educated and somewhat polished crook. He dressed like a gentleman of means, and carried himself accordingly. No one unacquainted with his history would have supposed he had served a long term in prison, but such was the fact. By his directions, a trap was lifted in the floor of the back of the barn, and Bob, after his hands had been securely bound behind his back, was lowered through it into a narrow vault, the walls of which were formed of stone, and there he was left to ruminate over the vicissitudes of life, and to wonder what Mr. Brown and his employer would do when he failed to turn up.

"Where is Carson?" said Mr. Brown about that time, looking around the public room of the inn.

"He went out when we sat down here, and I haven't seen him around since," said Broker Fitzball.

"Well, it's time we turned in, and that he did, too. I'll take a look outside and see if I can find him," said Brown, starting for the door.

He expected to find Bob on the veranda, though the night was chilly, for he could not imagine where else he could be. He was not there, however, nor anywhere around the front of the house. Redmond, the landlord, was summoned and asked to look Bob up.

"Maybe he's bone to bed," suggested the broker.

"We'll look in the room he occupied last night and see," said Brown.

They went upstairs, but Bob was not in the room.

"I can't imagine where he could have gone," said Brown.

"Nor I. His absence is very singular," replied Fitzball.

At that juncture the landlord came up and said that the stableman told him that Bob had gone to the village with Joe, the lad who had accompanied them that day, to attend a dance, and he might not be back till late.

"He ought to have told us that he was going," said Brown, "so we would have known where he was. Probably he forgot to do so. Well, that must be where he has gone, so we need not worry about him."

Satisfied that Bob would turn up later on, the

two gentlemen retired for the night, and being fatigued after their day's exercise, were soon asleep. In the meantime Bob was far from enjoying himself in the dismal hole to which he had been consigned. The trap had not been entirely closed above his head, for it was necessary he should have air to breathe, but otherwise that did not make his position any easier.

After considering the discouraging outlook for half an hour he set to work to try and free himself of the hay rope that bound his arms. At first this appeared to be a hopeless job, since the men had tied him as securely as they could. But Bob was not a boy to fall down when up against a hard proposition so he kept patiently at work. At the end of an hour he was no nearer success than when he started in.

Finally he walked over to one of the walls and began drawing his arms upward against it as well as he could. It was a long time before this method brought any satisfactory result, for the rope was small and soft, and Bob could not lift his arms very high. It was a fatiguing process, too, and compelled him to stop often to rest. During one of his resting spells Guy Stanford came to the trap and flashed the lantern down into the hole to see how the prisoner was faring.

The moment Bob saw the light he slipped down on the floor and pretended to be asleep. Stanford called to him, and receiving no response, concluded that he was asleep, and retired, feeling sure he was perfectly safe. As soon as the young man from Chicago had gone away, Bob recommenced his exertions, and half an hour later had freed himself of the ropes. But it was no easy matter, even with his arms free, to get out of the vault, the trap being all of seven feet from the floor.

Bob, however, was as active as a monkey, and possessed strong muscles. He knew about where the trap was in the darkness. After leaping a number of times in the air, he at length succeeded in grasping the edge of the barn floor. It was necessary to sustain his weight with one arm in order to use his other hand to push up the trap. He gave the trap a fling and it opened backward.

He expected that it would strike the floor with a bang that might attract attention. It happened that a bag of grain lay behind it and arrested it. Bob pulled himself up till his chin rested on the floor. Then with the help of his elbows he managed, after much trouble, to scramble out.

"Free at last," he breathed. "Now to put a spoke in the operations of those rascals."

First, however, he took the precaution to replace the trap as it had been left by his captors, and then he made his way forward in the dark, for the lantern had been removed from the post, and the barn floor was unlighted. Stanford had retired to his roost in the hay loft, but of that fact Bob was ignorant. The young messenger being provided with matches, struck one, so he could find the door.

When he located it he found it locked and the key gone. That fact did not discourage him, for he was satisfied there must be another exit—a window, or an opening through which he could escape. There was nothing of the kind on the

ground floor, so he ran up the steps to the loft. He struck a match to look around.

The flash awakened Stanford, and he started up in the hay. In a moment he recognized Bob and realized that he was free. With a cry of rage he sprang at the boy, knocking the match from his fingers into the hay. In another moment they were engaged in a desperate struggle for the mastery.

CHAPTER IX.—Bob Restores Bessie to Freedom.

Over and over they rolled on the floor of the loft punching and pummeling each other in the darkness. But the darkness did not last long. The match had started a tiny blaze in the dry hay, and this soon began to spread, and lighted up the loft. At first the combatants paid no attention to the circumstance in their eagerness to overcome the other. But at length Bob realized that the place was on fire.

"Let go, will you. The loft is blazing. We'll both be burned up if we remain here," he cried.

Stanford saw the increasing blaze and let go in his fright. Bob sprang to his feet and looked around for an opening through which they both could escape. He saw a wooden shutter which he guessed covered a windowless opening. He rushed over to it while Stanford was making frantic but ineffectual efforts to put out the fire, which was now spreading rapidly. The bar that held the shutter was held in place by two wooden supports, and Bob easily and quickly detached it. To open the shutter was then the work of a moment.

A twenty-foot drop lay beneath him, but that did not for a moment deter the boy. Calling to Stanford to save himself, he swung his body out of the opening and let go. Down he went like a flash and alighted in a heap, somewhat shaken but not at all hurt. He ran toward the inn, which was shrouded in darkness, for all had retired for the night. By the time he reached it the fire had gathered such headway that the flames were shooting out through the window by which he had made his escape, and the smoke was sifting through the roof.

Bob looked back, but saw no sign of Guy Stanford. The fire had not yet attracted any attention. Satisfied that he could not get into the inn in the ordinary way, Bob mounted to the roof of the kitchen ell, and tried one of the second-story windows that overlooked it. To his satisfaction it was not locked, and in less than a minute he was in the house. He made no attempt to arouse the inmates, for though the barn was doomed, the fire could not spread to the house.

He did not want to call attention to himself, but take advantage of the chance that was his to visit the back garret and rescue Bessie Dale. He soon found the stairs that led to the garret and made his way up them. When he reached the narrow landing it was all aglow with the reflection of the blaze at the barn which shone in through the window that lighted the place. Suddenly he heard the shrill cry of "Fire!" in Joe's voice.

The boy, who slept in a small room over the stable, close to the barn, had been awakened, and saw the blaze from his window. He threw up the sash and gave the alarm, awakening the hired man, who slept in the next room. The shouting reached the inn and aroused Redmond. When he saw his barn ablaze he got into his clothes in great excitement, ran to the room where Harding and Jackson were asleep, aroused them, and then rushed forth.

"By heavens!" cried Harding when he realized the situation, "that boy will be burned to death. Hurry, Jackson, we must try and save him."

The two men rushed downstairs and out of the house. During this excitement Bob had stood at the window of the attic landing and watched the fire, for the moment forgetting his errand. Then he recollected that he had no time to lose.

The door of the attic was near him. The key was in the lock, so all he had to do was to turn it, open the door and walk into the unfurnished, long, low-roofed room. The reflection of the fire lighted up the place sufficiently for him to see the interior with fair distinctness. The only furniture was a chair and a cot at one end. On the latter lay the form of a girl, fully dressed. That this was Bessie he did not doubt.

After a long day of grief over her unfortunate situation she had sunk down into a wearied sleep, exhausted nature having yielded to the strain upon her nerves. Bob slipped over to the cot, and striking a match, looked down at her. Yes, it was Bessie, sure enough. The light of the match aroused her from her troubled repose, and she started up with a little cry of fright.

"Don't be afraid, Miss Bessie. It is I—Bob Carson," he said, reassuringly.

She stared into his face in a bewildered way.

"Oh, Mr. Carson, is it really you?" she cried.

"Don't you recognize me?" he said, as the match expired in his fingers.

"Yes, yes. Did you and my dear guardian follow me here to this house, or was my terrible experience but a dream? No, no, it is no dream, for this room is not familiar to me. Oh, save me, Mr. Carson. Take me back to my home."

She clung feverishly to his arm, and looked beseechingly into his face, which she could scarcely see in the gloom of the corner.

"I came here to rescue you, Miss Bessie, so you may feel safe now."

"How did you know I was carried off? And where is my guardian? You were with him. You and he and Mr. Fitzball went down to Barnegat to shoot on Thanksgiving Day, which was yesterday. Where is this house?"

"I'll try to answer your questions if you will give me the chance."

"Do, please," she cried, eagerly.

"This house where you have been brought to, is the very inn at Barnegat where your guardian, my employer, and myself are stopping."

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

"Your guardian is in this house now, and I'm going to take you right to him."

She sprang up with a cry of delight.

He put his arm around her waist and led her from the garret. They went down the stairs to the next floor, Bessie clinging to him as a protector. A door let them into the corridor where the sleeping rooms of the second floor were. Mr.

Brown had been aroused by the disturbance and excitement outside, and when he saw the fire he knocked on Broker Fitzball's door and awakened him. The two men at that moment were in the broker's room looking out of the window at the fire.

Bob knew the room occupied by Bessie's guardian, and not being aware that he was up and next door, he knocked loudly on it. Mr. Brown heard the knock and supposed that somebody connected with the house had come to arouse him. He walked to the door of the chamber he was in and looked out.

"Who is there?" he asked.

Bessie heard his voice, and springing away from Bob she rushed to her guardian and threw herself into his astonished arms with a cry of joy.

"Why, why, Bessie!" he exclaimed, recognizing her in utter amazement.

"Yes, yes; oh, guardy, dear guardy, I—I——"

She burst into tears and clung convulsively to him.

"Hello, Carson, you here?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does this all mean? How came my Bessie here? Do you know anything about it? To me it seems a most astonishing circumstance. At this hour of the night, or morning, too. You seem to have brought her up here — can you throw any light on the matter?"

"Yes, sir. She was kidnaped from your house by your nephew, Guy Stanford."

"What!" gasped Mr. Brown. "It can't be possible. I thought my nephew had gone back to Chicago as he agreed to do."

"No, sir, he did not go back."

"Bessie, is it true that Guy Stanford carried you off from the house?"

"I don't know, guardy. I have not seen him since the night he was at our house. All I know is that I was sitting in your room on the second floor reading last night. It was about nine o'clock. Suddenly a man, with a mask on his face, appeared. I was dreadfully frightened. Behind him came a second man, also masked. As they advanced toward me I jumped up and screamed. Then they seized me, pressed a handkerchief over my face, and I became unconscious. That is all I remember till I found myself in the garret of this house, a prisoner."

"My goodness!" ejaculated Mr. Brown. "Then you did not recognize Guy Stanford as one of the two men?"

"No. I would not know either again if I saw them," she replied.

"Probably neither was your nephew, for it is likely he remained in the background to avoid detection," said Bob.

"How do you know that my nephew was implicated in this outrage?"

"You will understand when I tell you my story."

Bob in as few words as possible, told what he had overheard between Stanford and Harding in the barn that evening. He then told how his presence there was discovered; how he was made a prisoner and thrust into the vault under the barn floor; how he made his escape to the loft and then ran foul with Stanford.

"While we were struggling the hay in the loft

caught fire—it might have been the lighted match I dropped that started it—and that stopped the scrap. I got out through a window, and I suppose your nephew followed me. I then came here to the inn, knowing that Miss Bessie was a prisoner in the garret, I went there and brought her down here. That's the whole story," said Bob.

"You have rendered Bessie and me a great service, Carson, and neither of us will ever forget it," said Mr. Brown, seizing his hand and wringing it warmly.

"You're welcome, sir," replied Bob.

Bessie looked at him with shining eyes and held out her hand to him. Bob took it eagerly, for between him and the girl there already existed an unconscious bond of sympathy, that in time was to develop into something stronger.

"You had better take Bessie into your room, Carson, until I have dressed myself, for I don't think I shall sleep any more tonight, knowing, as I now do, that the landlord of this inn is a scamp."

"What measures are you going to take about your nephew and those other men? The property they stole from your house they, of course, brought here, and I guess you want to recover it. Hadn't I better go to the village, hunt up a constable or two, and bring them here?"

"Yes, yes; that's the best thing you can do," said Mr. Brown. "Take Bessie to your room and let her lock herself in till I come for her."

"I'm afraid the birds will have flown by the time I get back," said Bob, "for your nephew knows I have escaped, and they will know what they have to expect if they stay here. They will carry away their plunder, but at any rate they won't be able to take Miss Bessie away with them."

"Bessie is of more importance to me than every dollar I own. Since she is safe I do not worry about the rest. However, I hope to recover my property and land the three rascals in jail. My nephew will receive no further consideration from me. I am done with him. He can scarcely disgrace his family connection more than he has done. Better he had died in his cradle than have lived to become a villain."

Bob started for the nearby village, and after a lot of trouble succeeded in finding one of the night constables. To him he quickly related his story and asked for assistance to secure the three men before they made their escape with their booty. The constable hunted up two others to help him, and the four hurried to the inn.

By that time the barn was a mass of smoldering ruins, from which had been taken the charred body of Guy Stanford. Why he had failed to make his escape, which he might easily have done, Bob never could understand.

On the arrival of the constables a hunt was made, despite the inn-keepers protest, for Harding and Jackson, but they were not found. There was any trace of the booty discovered. Remond was not molested, as Bob had no tangible evidence to prove that he was in any way connected with the two men who were wanted. As soon as Mr. Brown identified the corpse as that of his nephew, he arranged with a local undertaker to prepare the body for burial and ship it to New York.

Prior to that he telegraphed to the New York police authorities to visit his house and see what had happened there. The reply he received later in the day caused him to send to Jersey City for a detective to try and trace Harding and Jackson, accurate personal descriptions of whom Bob furnished the officer with when he arrived. The party, now augmented to four by the presence of Bessie, left for New York that evening, with the body of the young man from Chicago in the baggage car.

CHAPTER X.—Trapped.

Bob had a far different and more exciting story to relate to his mother and sister when he returned home than he had expected to bring back with him. Naturally he astonished them with his account of the abduction of Bessie Dale, and how he accidentally became the chief factor in her rescue.

"She will lose her heart to you after that," said his sister, who had an idea that her brother was deeply interested in the girl.

"How do you know, Nellie?" asked Bob, a bit gruffly.

"Isn't it natural that she should be very grateful for what you have done for her; and isn't gratitude the next thing in love?" asked his sister.

"Maybe it is in a woman, and as you're one you ought to know."

"I'll wager you are already more than half in love with the fair Miss Bessie yourself," laughed Nellie.

"You girls are always ready to bet on anything, but if you happen to lose you are quite as ready to squeal and forget to pay up," growled Bob.

"Thank you, I always pay my debts. I shall pay you every cent I owe you as soon as I earn enough to do it."

"I'm not worryin' about what you owe me, so don't put me in mind of it."

"Aren't you going to bring Bessie Dale here and introduce her to mother and me?"

"I will if I can induce her to come. I'd like you to meet her. She's the finest little girl in New York, or anywhere else," added Bob enthusiastically.

Nellie laughed.

"There, I knew you were quite gone on her. I should have won my bet had I wagered with you."

Bob looked a bit confused, and hastened to change the topic. The first thing Bob did the next morning was to look up D. & H. in the market report, and he saw, with satisfaction, that it was a point higher than he bought it for.

He kept his eye on the stock that morning whenever he got the chance, but it did not go any higher during the two-hour session of the Exchange. On the following Tuesday it was up another point, and next day it closed at 78, which was a gain of three points.

That evening he called on Bessie Dale, as he had promised to do, and received a very encouraging welcome from her. He passed a happy evening in her company, and promised to call on the

following Wednesday evening. We may as well say now that he became a steady caller thereafter, and the friendship between them grew stronger as time passed.

Before the succeeding Wednesday arrived, D. & H. took on a sudden boom when the news we have mentioned in a previous chapter came out, and the stock did go to par. In fact, Bob sold his shares for a fraction above 100 and cleared the \$1,500 he had hoped to win. Then he told his sister about the deal, and showed her that he was now worth \$2,100.

"If you could only be lucky all the time you'd get rich," she said.

"I know, but that little word 'if' is a great stumbling block sometimes."

The detective put on the job of capturing Harding and Jackson failed to find any trace of the two rascals, notwithstanding the excellent personal description he had of them. While he was looking for them in New Jersey, they were walking the streets of New York slightly disguised. Harding spent most of his time in Wall Street, which showed his nerve. He was something of a speculator, and was rather fortunate at the game. A month after the robbery of Mr. Brown's house, or about Christmas week, Jackson took a trip out west with a portion of the swag and disposed of it in Cincinnati. He was back again by the middle of January with the proceeds, and both him and Harding put up their money on O. & N. stock for a rise. It happened that Bob had a tip on that stock and had bought 200 shares on the usual margin. In about ten days the stock went up more than ten points, and Bob cleared about \$2,100 on it, making him worth a little over \$4,000.

The two crooks were equally fortunate. Bob passed them on Wall and Broad streets several times without having the faintest suspicion of their identity. They knew him, however, but did not give him any special attention until a week later, when Bob rushed into the little bank to buy 400 shares of L. & M., which he had an idea was due for a rise. Right behind him at the window stood Jackson, and he noted the fact that the boy made the deal in his own name, and passed over \$4,000 deposit to the margin clerk. He reported the matter to Harding when they met later, and the two men wondered if the boy was operating for himself or somebody else. They could hardly believe that the \$4,000 was his money but it was decided to watch him and note when he cashed in on the deal, and then try to get the money he received away from him.

Harding and Jackson, for certain reasons, decided to rent an office in the financial district. They found a good-sized room on Broad street, furnished it with a desk, ticker and other useful articles, and had the sign "Fitch & Bacon" put on the door. Harding represented himself as Fitch, and Jackson as Bacon. They hadn't been in possession more than a week when a mysterious robbery happened on their floor. A broker's office safe was burglarized and several thousand dollars' worth of negotiable bonds taken. Nobody suspected that Fitch & Bacon had any connection with the crime, but soon afterward Bacon went West with a heavily loaded grip, and when he came back the bank account of Fitch & Bacon received a considerable rise in funds. While Jack-

son, alias Bacon, was West, Bob cleaned up a profit of over \$6,000 on his L. & M. deal. Harding visited the little bank every day, and when he saw Bob come in and go up to the window, he was right behind him taking note of the fact that the boy was selling out at a good advance. Bob, however, collected nothing that trip, and Harding did not expect that he would. Next day he watched for Bob to appear, and when he did, and the bank made a settlement with him, Harding saw that he received a certificate of deposit for \$10,000 in his own name.

When Jackson got back Harding and he framed up a job on Bob. They found it wasn't safe to operate further in their building, so they didn't care how soon they gave up their office. They decided to wind up their present connection with Wall Street by cleaning Bob out of his \$10,000. That sum, with a matter of \$15,000 they had on deposit in the bank, would enable them to enjoy life for a while somewhere else. One morning soon after his L. & M. deal, Bob received a letter in the morning mail. The letter bore the printed heading, "Fitch & Bacon, Financiers, No. ——— Broad street, sixth floor," and was signed by George Fitch. The contents stated that Mr. Fitch wished to see Bob on important business that afternoon at four o'clock.

"You have been recommended to our notice by George Brown," concluded the communication.

"I wonder what Mr. Fitch wants to see me about?" thought Bob, as he read the brief note a second time.

It was impossible for him to guess, so the only way to learn was to call as he was requested to do, and Bob decided to do so. Accordingly at four o'clock Bob knocked on the door of Fitch & Bacon, and was bidden to enter.

"My name is Carson, and I called to see Mr. Fitch," said Bob, looking inquiringly at a tall, well-dressed man, with a bearded face, who somehow or another looked familiar to him.

"That's my name," said the bogus Fitch, who was seated at a desk, and was alone in the office. "Take a seat young man."

"I received a note from you this morning asking me to call," said Bob.

"Exactly. I wished to see you on particular business," said the disguised Harding.

"Well, what is this business you wished to see me about?"

"Ahem! I believe you speculate on the market?"

"Who told you that I speculate?" asked Bob.

He never told a soul but his sister, about his operations, so he could not understand how this Mr. Fitch could have any idea that he speculated.

"The information came to us through a person who has seen you more than once at the little bank on Nassau street."

"Without admitting that I do speculate, may I ask what that has to do with you sending for me?"

"It has a bearing on it. Our information, which is reliable, shows us that on Thursday, January 15, you closed out a deal on L. & M. by which you netted quite a profit, and that on the following afternoon you received, in settling with the bank, a certificate of deposit for \$10,000. That is correct, isn't it?"

"Will you kindly state the object of this interview?"

"Have you got that certificate of deposit about you?"

"What has that to do with my visit here?"

"It has considerable to do with it. Kindly produce the document."

"You will have to excuse me complying with your request. You might just as well ask me to produce my pocket-book."

Harding got up from his chair.

"Will you seat yourself at my desk, please?" he said.

"What for?" asked Bob, rather astonished at the request.

"I wish you to read over and sign a document I shall place before you."

"What kind of a document is it?"

"You will understand its nature when you see it."

With some hesitation Bob took the vacated pivot-chair. At that juncture another man entered the room.

"Carson, my partner, Mr. Bacon," said the tall man.

Bob bowed slightly to the newcomer, who also bowed and crossed the room to the ticker. He also looked familiar to the boy.

"The paper I wish you to sign is a transfer to us of your certificate of deposit. Here it is. Read it over, and then put your name to it," said the disguised Harding.

"Look here, Mr. Fitch, what does all this talk mean, anyway?" asked Bob, suspiciously.

"It means that we wish to secure that certificate of deposit."

"I don't know what you're trying to get at, but I do know that I am not going to give you the certificate, nor sign any paper in connection with it."

"I think you will," said Harding, removing his beard and showing his clean-shaven face.

Bob recognized the crook at once, and realizing that he had walked into some kind of trap, he attempted to spring up. Before the boy knew what was going to happen to him, Jackson suddenly threw a cloth over his head and pulled him backward. He tried to grasp his assailant, but Harding prevented that by stepping forward and seizing him by the wrists. Bob, taken at such a disadvantage, could put up but an ineffectual struggle against the two rascals. To make matters worse, he felt his senses leaving him, for the cloth was saturated with some kind of drug that acted with powerful effect on him. Realizing that the men intended to rob him of his certificate of deposit, he made one final desperate attempt to free himself. It was a failure, and then everything grew dark around him and he knew no more.

CHAPTER XI.—Bob Turns the Tables on his Enemies.

When Bob's struggles ceased, Jackson removed the cloth from his head and threw it into a corner. Then he held the boy in the chair while Harding searched his pockets.

The certificate of deposit soon came to light.

"This, of course, is useless without his signature," said Harding; "but as I have a specimen of this young fellow's signature, and am clever

at imitating such things, I fancy we'll have no great difficulty in getting the money to-morrow morning. He can fight the matter out with the bank afterward."

With Jackson's assistance he lifted the boy out of the chair and laid him over near the ticker. Then he sat down at the desk and began to practice on Bob's signature. In about ten minutes he had produced a pretty clever fac simile. He drew the certificate of deposit toward him and reproduced it on the line printed for that purpose.

"There," he said, holding it up for his companion's inspection, "I guess that will do. What do you think?"

"It's a first-class imitation," replied Jackson.

"It will fool the bank people, don't you think?"

"If it doesn't I shall be much surprised."

"Now," said Harding, putting the certificate in his pocket, "what shall we do with this boy? He'll come to his senses some time before the bank opens in the morning."

"Get a cab and take him uptown to Jerry's place. He'll see that the boy doesn't get free until after we have left the city with the proceeds of our latest enterprise," said Jackson.

"Well, you go and get the cab. We'll tell the elevator man that our young friend is drunk, and we are taking him home."

Jackson laughed and went out. There is always a cab to be found on Broad street, so Jackson had no trouble in securing one. They carried Bob downstairs and put him into it. Harding got inside with him while Jackson got up with the driver. The vehicle then started uptown. The two rascals made a miscalculation with regard to the time they expected Bob to remain unconscious. He came to his senses ahead of their schedule, or about eleven o'clock that evening. He found himself in a small furnished room, lying on the bed. At first he could not understand the situation, but gradually his brain cleared and he remembered what had happened to him in the office of Fitch & Bacon. He had certainly been removed from that place to his present surroundings, and Bob wondered in what part of the city he was now. Rising from the bed and looking out of the window, he saw it was night, and that the prospect comprised a back yard, and the rear aspect of many houses facing on the next street. There was nothing in the outlook that gave him a clue to the locality he was in, as most back yards look more or less alike. He turned to the door.

"I suppose it's locked and that I'm a prisoner," he thought.

He felt in his pockets and found that not only was the certificate of deposit missing, but all of his loose change, too. Evidently the rascals had cleaned him out of everything of value. He tried the door and found it locked as he expected. Then he sat down and began to wonder why he was a prisoner. Surely after the rascals had robbed him of everything of value they could have no further interest in him. While he was considering the matter he heard two men ascending the stairs outside. Thinking they might be the rascals coming to take a look at him, he lay down on the bed with the intention of deceiving them concerning his return to consciousness. They did not enter his room, however, but the one adjoining. He heard a match strike and then

saw a gleam of light shoot through the keyhole of the door in the wall which connected the two rooms. He got up and applied his eye to the small orifice. The two men were visible to him seated at a small table scarcely more than a yard away. They were Harding and Jackson, and they had removed their disguises, now that they were by themselves.

"We'll go to the bank as soon as it opens for business in the morning," said Harding, "and I'll draw the money on the certificate. I don't think there'll be any trouble getting it, as I can refer to our bank as reference, giving my name, of course, as Fitch," and Harding drew the certificate out of his pocket and looked at it attentively.

"Wouldn't it be better for you to turn the certificate in at our bank for collection?" suggested Jackson.

"It would if we were not pressed for time. If we turned it in we could not draw the \$10,000 out until it had been collected, and that would take another day, as it would have to go through the regular routine. Now, we want to get out of the city by the one o'clock Chicago limited if we can. The boy will recover his senses by morning, and Jerry will have to keep him here until a few hours after we have made our start. Jerry is not anxious to keep him any longer than is necessary, for it might make trouble for him, though he has a pretty strong political pull at his back. So you see time is a matter of importance to us," and the speaker folded up the certificate and returned it to his pocket.

"I agree with you. Our trunks are packed and ready to go. There is nothing to delay us but the collection of the certificate," said Jackson.

"That's right," said Harding, producing a cigar and lighting it, an example followed by his companion. "It is decided that we will go to Cincinnati first."

"Yes, it's a good town for us."

"Then we'll take in St. Louis and afterward Denver. Denver is my old stamping grounds, and we'll find plenty of good fellows there."

They talked awhile about their future movements, and then Jackson suggested that they go down to the bar and have a drink.

"All right. You go on and I'll follow you. I want to take a look at the boy and see how the drug is working," said Harding.

As Jackson started for the door Harding put out the gas and followed him.

"So he's coming in here. I must play possum," thought Bob.

He went to the bed and was lying down when an idea struck him.

"He's coming alone. The room is dark and he'll have to strike a light to look around. If I could surprise him, knock him out long enough to give me the chance to get my certificate out of his pocket and make my escape. Once on the sidewalk I'd be all right," thought the boy.

A boy of less nerve and resolution would probably have hesitated to tackle a big man like Harding, who was far stronger than he, for the chances of catching the rascal by surprise were problematical. Bob, however, thought of the heavy crockery soap dish he had seen on the washstand, and figured that if he could bring it into contact with Harding's head he stood a good chance of stunning the man, and accom-

plishing his object. Springing from the bed he seized the dish and squeezed up against the wall where the door, when it was opened, would conceal him from immediate discovery. Hardly had he done so when he heard a key rattle in the lock, and then the door opened and Harding entered. The room was not near so dark to Bob, whose eyes were accustomed to the gloom, as it was to Harding, who had just left a lighted room. The man had no intention of lighting the gas jet, as the gleam of a match would answer his requirements quite as well. He struck the match as he entered, and the glare dazzled Bob for a moment. Fortunate, indeed, it was for him that the rascal's back was turned to him at that moment or his plucky purpose would probably have failed at the outset. Harding, however, presented a fair mark for the missile Bob held in his hand. As he glanced at the bed, and, finding it vacant, uttered an ejaculation of surprise, Bob flung the dish at his head, but with only force sufficient to stun the man. Had he thrown the missile reckless of consequences the chances were he would have killed Harding on the spot. The man pitched over against the bed with a groan and lay quite still. Bob shut the door, then searched Harding's pocket for the certificate, which he found right away. Having secured that important paper, he lost no time in getting out of the room.

"I'll lock him in and take the key with me," he thought, as he closed the door.

He did so, and then looking down the dimly-lighted stairs to the landing of the second floor, saw, to his satisfaction, that the coast was clear. He ran down and paused at the head of the lower flight. A gas jet burning in the entry showed him the street door. There was no one in sight.

"Now is my chance," breathed the boy and downstairs he ran. He reached the entry without accident and laid his hand on the handle of the door. At that intense moment a door on his right, connecting with the bar-room, whence came a medley of sounds, opened suddenly and Jackson came out. The rascal saw Bob and recognized him at once. He gave a gasp of astonishment, and then reached for the boy. Bob eluded his grasp, struck him a heavy blow in the stomach, which stopped him, and turning the knob of the door, flung it open and dashed out onto the sidewalk.

CHAPTER XII.—Bob Doubles His Capital.

Bob lost no time in darting up the street toward what proved to be Eighth avenue, and inside of five minutes was safe from pursuit. None, however, was attempted, as Jackson saw the futility of chasing him. Bob kept on till he reached Seventh avenue, then he quit running, satisfied that he was safe. He continued on to Sixth avenue, crossing Broadway, and made for the nearest elevated station. Half an hour afterward he was home, where he found his mother and sister somewhat nervous over his failure to return to supper.

"Why, Bob, where have you been?" asked Nellie. "It is going on one o'clock."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to tell you the truth. I've been in trouble."

"In trouble!" cried his sister and mother in a breath.

"Exactly; but I managed to get out of it by the skin of my teeth."

"Do tell us what happened to you," said Nellie, anxiously.

"Yes; but have you anything to eat handy, mother? I haven't had a thing in my mouth since breakfast, so you may imagine I'm pretty hungry."

"It is possible? I'll prepare you some supper right away," said his mother.

"Then we'll all go into the kitchen, and I'll tell my story there so mother can hear."

He began by showing the note he had received from the alleged Fitch, who, he said, was a crook named Harding, one of those connected with the robbery of Mr. Brown's house. He explained how he had called at the office of Fitch & Bacon, and what had happened to him there.

"The next thing I remember was coming to my senses in a small room in a house which I afterward found was on — street, below Eighth avenue," he went on.

Then he told how he knocked Harding out when that rascal visited him, recovered his certificate of deposit, eluded Jackson, when he unexpectedly met him at the street door and made his escape.

"My gracious! How fortunate you were to get your certificate back," said his sister. "It would have been terrible had you lost all that money."

"I should say so," he answered.

His mother thought so, too; but she did not suppose that the money was his, but presumed it belonged to Mr. Fitzball. Bob had not yet taken her into the secret of his success in the market. He ate his supper like a hungry boy, and it was half-past one by the time the little family retired to rest. In the morning he went to Police Headquarters and reported the facts to the head of the Detective Bureau. An officer was sent to Jerry's place, which was known to the police, but he could learn nothing about Harding and Jackson. He afterward visited the office of Fitch & Bacon and found it shut up. He made inquiries in the building about the two tenants, and finally remembering about the mysterious burglary which had happened on that floor, he began to have his suspicions about these two men, who Bob claimed to be crooks, by the name of Harding and Jackson, and he returned to headquarters to report and consult with his superior. The result was the office was taken charge of by the authorities, who found nothing in the room showing that any real business had ever been carried on by the alleged firm of Fitch & Bacon. Other detectives were put on the scent, but the crooks were not caught. The inference was that they had left the city, and the authorities of other large cities, particularly those in the West, were requested to be on the lookout for the two rascals.

It was about this time that Bob overheard Mr. Fitzball speaking about an anticipated rise in F. & G., owing to the fact that it was rumored that the line was to be taken into the Wabash system under very favorable conditions. Bob immediately bought 1,000 shares of the stock, for he was fully satisfied he had got hold of a good thing. A few days later his expectations were realized when the rumors were verified and the

price boomed twelve points, earning a profit of \$12,000 at one clip for him. He now told his mother about his successes, and handed her \$1,000 to put in the bank for herself. Nellie was doing fine in her own business, and not only had paid Bob the money she owed him for starting her, but had quite a surplus to fall back on if necessary. She had work enough to keep two girls busy beside herself, and she told Bob one day that she guessed she never would get married unless her husband would agree before they were married to let her run her own business.

"Some fellows would agree right off the reel, and consider it a fine excuse to avoid working themselves," said her brother.

"Would they? If I ever take a husband he'll have to work without any reference to what I do. It will be his duty to support me, not my duty to support him. That will all be understood before I consent to change my name," she said in a tone that showed she meant it.

"He might go back on the arrangement."

"If he does he can take his traps and leave. I mean to be independent. I've seen too much of wives dependent on stingy husbands for the support grudgingly doled out to them. I hope to marry a real man, not an excuse for one."

"I sincerely hope you will, Nellie."

"Bessie Dale will get a real man when she marries you."

"How do you know she has any idea of marrying me?"

"Because you call on her twice a week now, and you two wouldn't be so anxious to enjoy each other's society if you both didn't mean business."

"I'll admit, sis, that we're as good as engaged. I haven't asked Mr. Brown for her yet, but I mean to by and by. As I'm pretty solid with him, and he can't help seeing the way the wind blows, I don't think he'll turn me down."

Some weeks passed away and Bob, now worth \$21,000, saw no further safe chance to increase his capital. After his experience with Harding and Jackson, he no longer carried any evidence of wealth around with him. He continued to keep his capital in the form of a certificate of deposit from the little bank, but it lay inside a sealed envelope, addressed to himself, in the big office safe. It was secure there, and he could get it whenever he wanted it. One night about this time Bob paid one of his usual bi-weekly visits to Bessie Dale. The girl always looked for his coming, and would have been grievously disappointed had he failed to appear. He never failed, however, for his heart was in her keeping, and nothing would have kept him away. On this evening two men, bundled up to their throats in overcoats, the collars of which were turned up around their ears, for the night was not a pleasant one, had followed him from his house without him being aware of the fact. One of them was tall and well-built, the other about medium size. They looked like respectable citizens, but looks do not always tell a truthful tale. They certainly did not in this case.

The two men were Harding and Jackson, who had ventured to return to their old haunts in New York. They had not forgotten how Bob had turned the tables on them, and recovered his certificate of deposit, which they counted on

cashing to their own advantage. Men of their stamp always feel that it is their duty to get back at anyone who does them up. At any rate such was the feeling that the two crooks entertained for Bob. They couldn't rest satisfied till they got square with him. They did not intend to do him any great bodily injury, but they were in hopes that he still carried a certificate of deposit, maybe larger than before about with him, and their purpose was to secure it if he had one. If he didn't have such a desirable thing they would content themselves with cleaning him out of his watch and spare cash, for all was fish that came into the nets of those chaps, since they were above such a plebeian occupation as work. It was their principle that the world owed them a living, and they set about collecting what they considered was coming to them in any way that seemed most easy of success. So, as we have said, they followed Bob to the home of his sweetheart, and lay in wait for him to come out. Bob was seldom able to tear himself away from his charmer much before eleven. Even after he got started it took him fifteen minutes generally to say good-night, between kisses, for the last time at the hall door. Bessie appeared just as loath to have him leave, and helped along the delay in ways best known to spoony young ladies under such circumstances. Harding and Jackson, waiting outside in the uncomfortable night air, growled over the long time that Bob put in at the house. They had no doubt that there was a girl in the case, and they wondered if he intended to stay until midnight. At ten minutes after eleven Bob issued from the house, and the two crooks saw a momentary flutter of muslin, or some other feminine material, at the door before it closed with a bang.

"Here he is at last," said Jackson.

"I see he is. I hope he's worth plucking. If he isn't I shall feel much disappointed," responded Harding.

A moment later they sprang upon him and pulled him down on the sidewalk so quick that the boy hardly knew where he was at.

"Utter a sound and you'll be a candidate for an undertaker," hissed Harding. "Hold on to his legs while I go through him," he added to his companion.

As Harding held on to Bob's throat with a good grip, the boy couldn't have uttered a sound to save his life. He wasn't conquered, though, for all that. While he didn't have much to lose, he objected to losing the little he had. He was surprised to note that the men did not look like a pair of common footpads, but like persons much above such an occupation. He couldn't see the face of the man who was nearest him, owing to his beard and turned-up collar, but though he had not heard of Harding for several months, he began to entertain a strong suspicion that his chief aggressor was that rascal. Apparently yielding to the inevitable, to throw the man off his guard, he lay quiet till Harding began searching him. Finding the boy made no resistance, Harding released his throat the better to hold him down. Bob raised his right arm and gave him a punch in the pit of the stomach that took all the strength out of him for the moment. The boy then pulled him over on the sidewalk, rose into a sitting posture and fetched Jackson such a crack in the face as to cause that individual to

release his grip. Like an eel Bob squirmed free and was on his feet before the men recovered themselves. He waited long enough to whack Harding in the jaw as he was getting up, and he started down the street at a speed that soon carried him out of danger.

CHAPTER XIII.—Bob Secures a Dandy Tip and Makes a Big Haul.

Next morning he reported the occurrence to Police Headquarters over the office telephone, explaining his suspicions concerning the identity of the gentlemanly looking footpads. A detective was sent out to look for them, and Bob went about his business as usual. Before he went home he wrote a letter to Bessie, detailing his strenuous adventure of the night before, and the girl nearly had a fit when she read it. He had said nothing to his mother or sister about the occurrence at the breakfast table, but concluded to tell his sister at her office, for he kept no secrets from her, as he considered her the best sister in the world. As soon as he was through for the day he rushed upstairs to call on her.

She was out, but the two pretty typewriters in her employ were busy at their tables. They both nodded and smiled at Bob, whom they knew was Nellie's brother. His good looks and manly qualities had made an impression on their susceptible hearts, and not dreaming that he already had a girl to whom he was practically engaged, they both tried their feminine witcheries on him in the hope that they might capture him somehow. Bob was a good jollier with the girls, and he bestowed his smiles and talk on both of the young ladies without any partiality. Finally he sat down at his sister's desk to await her return. In doing so he accidentally brushed off on the floor a couple of typewritten sheets that lay blank side up. He hastened to pick them up. In returning them to the desk he put them down written side up. Carelessly glancing at them he saw that one was a filled-in contract for the leasing of a trolley line in New Jersey to the traction trust. Interested by that fact he read it over, without considering that he was doing something he had no right to do. The conditions of the contract were so favorable to the line that was to be leased that he saw great possibilities for himself in the knowledge thus accidentally acquired. Suddenly recollecting that the sheets had been turned face down, he restored them to that position just as his sister entered the office with a bunch of work in her hands.

"How long have you been here, Bob?" she asked him.

"About ten minutes," he said, getting up so she could sit down.

"Well, I'm very busy so I can't entertain you," she replied.

"A polite hint for me to go, eh, sis," he laughed.

"That's what I mean," she smiled. "Anything special you wanted to say?"

"I only wanted to tell you about something that happened to me last night up in the Bronx which I didn't want to let mother hear," he said.

"What was it?"

"I was waylaid and knocked down by a couple of footpads."

"My garcious! Is that really so?"

"It is."

In a few words Bob told her the incident and then took his leave.

"So the Somerville Trolley Company is going into the combine at last," he thought as the elevator carried him downstairs. "There will be a boom in that stock when the news gets out. I'd like to get hold of some of it, but I'm afraid it's already been gobbled up by the insiders. However, I'll try for it to-morrow. Sister would not tip me off because she was given the contract to do in confidence, and she is too honorable to let any secrets out of her possession. She must have done the work herself, for it would be too risky to trust an employee with such a valuable bit on inside information. Either of those girls might be cute enough to pass the news to somebody who would make use of it, and the fact might reach the ears of the person who gave sis the work and then her reputation in business would be hurt."

Bob went to lunch and then spent half an hour or more looking up information connected with the Somerville Trolley Company. By that time it was nearly five, and he returned to his sister's office to escort her home. She was surprised to see him back, for she thought he had gone home.

"I thought you'd gone uptown, Bob," she said.

"You see I haven't. I called to take you home."

"Did you? The honor will be yours in a few minutes as soon as I arrange a few matters."

"Take your time. I can wait your convenience."

Ten minutes afterward they left the office together. When Bob paid his first visit to the Exchange next morning he found a chance to run up to the little bank and leave his order for 2,000 shares of Somerville Trolley stock. He had some doubts about the bank's ability to secure that amount, and so he told the margin clerk to get him any part of 2,000 shares. When he called in that afternoon after he had finished his work he found that the full 2,000 had been bought and was held subject to his order. After that he kept close watch on the financial papers to see what developments were reported. In a few days the rumor was circulated around the Street that Somerville Traction was to be leased by the traction trust. The stock jumped five points right away on the strength of it, though the report was not officially confirmed. After that the rumors continued to come out, and there was a good deal of business done in S. T., and it was soon apparent that the stock was uncommonly scarce. This fact caused another stiff rise. A week from the time Bob bought the shares they were quoted at twelve points above what he gave for them, and this represented a gain to him of nearly \$24,000. The price rose three points more inside of the next two days. Then came the official confirmation of the lease, and up the stock went more than ten points more amid great excitement. Bob held on for a few days more, during which the stock rose three additional points, and then he sold out at a profit of \$56,000.

"Lord!" he exclaimed in great glee, "I'm worth

over \$75,000. What will sis and mother say? Gee! I feel like a millionaire."

He felt like letting out a whoop, but restrained himself.

"Bessie will be so glad she won't know what to do," he said. "I guess I'm well enough off to marry her if we were old enough to suit Mr. Brown's ideas. Well, I mean, now I'm started, to make a quarter of a million out of the market. I'm going to resign my job and devote my energies to the more profitable business of operating on the market."

Mr. Fitzball was out in California with his family, traveling for his health, and his business was in charge of his cashier, so to that gentleman Bob tendered his resignation.

"Why are you throwing up your job, Bob?" asked the cashier, in surprise.

"Because I'm going into business for myself."

"I thought you never intended to leave Wall Street?"

"I don't intend to do it."

"What are you going to do—take charge of the business you started for your sister?"

"No, sir; she can run her own business without any help from me."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"I'll let you know later. It's a secret at present."

"Well, I'm sorry you're going to leave us. I don't think Mr. Fitzball will like it, but, of course, he couldn't stop you if you have made up your mind. I wish you luck."

"Thanks, Mr. Gray. I've got \$75,000 capital, so I hope to get along."

Thus Bob cut loose from his career as a messenger.

CHAPTER XIV.—A Big Risk For Big Money.

Bob rented a very nice little cottage up in the Bronx, and his mother and sister moved up there. They found it ever so much better than a flat, and it was more convenient for Bob to call upon Bessie. He now considered himself the boss of the house, for he paid the bulk of the expense of running it. Bessie told her guardian how successful Bob had been in the stock market, and his opinion of the boy's smartness rose considerably on learning that the young man was now worth \$75,000, all made by himself. Bob had nothing to do these days but stroll around the financial district and keep tab on the market. For the next two months he made several deals, but they were not all successful. The balance, however, was in his favor, for he found himself \$5,000 more ahead.

One morning he read in a mining paper that a new copper mine had been discovered in the Northwest. The name of it was Almaden Copper. The mine was said to be rich in copper, and the owners expected great things of it. Bob thought he'd like to buy some, but when he made inquiries on the Curb he found that the mine had not yet been listed, and the brokers knew very little about it, or its prospects—nothing more, in fact, than they had seen in Western papers. So Bob didn't bother any more about it. One day when he got out of the elevator at the seventh floor where his sister's office was, he saw that a recently vacated suite of rooms had

been taken by a new tenant, and to his surprise the new name on the door was Almaden Copper. On the following Sunday a page advt. appeared in a big daily setting forth the merits of Almaden Copper as a big investment for the public to get in on. Bob read the advt. and was much interested in it. Next day he called on the secretary of the company and had a talk with him. Almaden copper was being offered at fifty cents a share, though its par value was \$10. After thinking the matter over, Bob bought 20,000 shares of it, putting up \$10,000. The public bought a good many thousand shares in small batches. The advt. continued to be printed every Sunday in different papers, and it brought in many customers. The mine, however, was not listed on the Curb, so it really had no speculative value outside of the office. Bob called often on the secretary to learn when it would be listed, but the secretary could give him no definite information on the subject. In the meantime he operated on the stock market with pretty good luck until his capital rose to \$100,000. The rush to buy Almaden stock ceased, and Bob found that his invested \$10,000 was a dead issue. He tried to sell the stock, but couldn't find a purchaser.

"I guess I've been stuck on a fake mine," he thought.

Finally one day he read in a Western paper that the Almaden property was for sale. He called on the secretary of the company and asked him about it, but that gentleman had nothing to say. He admitted, however, that the mine had not met the expectations of its owners.

"How about myself and the others who bought the stock?" Bob asked.

The secretary shrugged his shoulders, and that was all the satisfaction he got. After meditating on the matter Bob determined to visit the mine and satisfy himself if it really was no good. He started West at once, and in due time reached the district where it was located. Some machinery had been put in, and there was a quantity of ore on the dumps, but the mine appeared to have proved a bad speculation.

"I can say good-bye to my \$10,000," thought Bob, satisfied that the mine would never pan out paying ore.

While walking around the country looking at neighboring properties that seemed to be doing well, Bob met a broken-down prospector. He got talking to him about the Almaden mine.

"There's millions in it if the owners only knew where to look for it," said the prospector.

"How do you make that out?"

"I know all about it."

"Why don't you go to the owners and sell your knowledge?"

"Because they've ruined me and I wouldn't put a dollar in their pockets to save their souls."

"Why don't you stand in with some capitalist and buy them out? They are willing to sell out for \$40,000."

"I would if I knew where to find an honest man; but I distrust all mining people. They've always done me."

"How would you like to go in with me?"

"Why, you're only a boy."

"I'm a boy with \$100,000, and I've got \$10,000 more sunk in Almaden stock."

"Come with me to my shanty and I'll talk with you."

Bob went with him and the prospector showed him specimens of copper ore that made his mouth water.

"That came out of Almaden," said the prospector. "Bring me a paper guaranteeing me ten per cent. of the profit and I'll show you where the real ore is."

An hour later Bob brought the paper to him. Then the prospector took him to an old disused tunnel and they entered it. They went many hundred feet under ground until they came to an abandoned hole where the prospector showed Bob ore on every side similar to the specimens.

"Buy out the owners and your fortune is made," he said.

"I'll think it over," said Bob.

He did, and the result was an arrangement with the owners for the purchase of the mine and control of the stock. Bob bought the machinery and other material which the prospector had said was necessary. It was shipped to the ground and work was resumed, but this time in the old tunnel. The ore ran well for a time and then began to peter out. Bob had to put more money into the enterprise to keep things going. One day, however, the lead was recovered, and after that it proved plain sailing. A new company was formed and Bob was elected one of the directors, and the directors elected him president and general manager. The mine proved a great success, and when this was demonstrated, the stock was listed on the Curb at \$2 a share. As Bob owned 151,000 shares out of an issue of 200,000, and as the company was indebted to him to the amount of nearly \$60,000 for invested cash, he considered himself worth a pretty tidy sum. A year later he sold out his control of the mine for an even million, and soon after he and Bessie were married, and went on a honeymoon trip around the world. Thus did fortune smile brightly on Bob Carson, and he never regretted "going the limit."

Next week's issue will contain "UP TO HIM, or; RUNNING HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS."

LONELY ISLAND COLONY LIVES BY SALE OF SALT FROM THE SEA

In the Atlantic Ocean, not far from Santo Domingo, lies a group of tiny islands, known as Turks Islands, a part of the British West Indies. These islands, which are of coral formation, were settled during the last century by educated pioneers from England and Bermuda, who very quickly developed a prosperous and interesting colony.

This group consists of nine islands called Cays, Grand Cay, Salt Cay, Eastern Cay, Cotton Cay and Sand Cay are the most important. Grand Cay is the largest. Salt Cay, the next largest, is noted for the production of the best curing salt.

The centre of the island is laid out in "pans" of different sizes. These pans are made by building stone walls, two or three feet in height, around a level base or platform. The enclosure is then cemented on sides and base to protect it from all but the purest sea-water. At a certain

season of the year a sluice gate is opened to admit the salt water direct from the ocean, so as to fill a large reservoir, or main pond, as it is generally called. When this body of water reaches a certain temperature through evaporation it is used for filling the pans where evaporation is completed.

The pans are filled from the main pond by water wheels built on the walls of the pans, generally two wheels to each pan. One is reminded of a miniature wind-mill.

Sand Cay enjoys a little notoriety as a pirates' nest, whose booty was removed by some adventurous Americans in the middle of the last century. Excavations still yield a few scattered Spanish doubloons, which are kept as souvenirs. This treasure hunt gave a little halo to this barren island. It became a favorite picnic spot where every one hoped to find some hidden treasure.

STOVES BROUGHT HERE BY THE EARLY DUTCH

Stoves are supposed to have been introduced into Colonial America by the Pennsylvania Dutch. The earliest were of curious design. A particularly odd one used in churches was of sheet metal. It was shaped like a box; three sides were within the church; the fourth with the stove door was outside, which made it possible to stoke during religious services with a minimum of disturbance to the worshippers.

Possibly the Winters in the North Atlantic States are as severe as they were in the 1600s and 1700s, but modern progress has reduced their terrors. The present generation would fancy it could not have survived the discomforts and inconveniences of an early Colonial home. The biting winds poured down the great chimneys, sifted through crevices in walls and floors and rattled the loosely fitted windows. The crackling logs in the fireplaces diffused a comfortable warmth only a few feet from the actual blaze.

Cotton Mather and Judge Samuel Sewall recorded in their diaries that frequently the ink froze on their pens as they wrote not far from the chimney side. One of them said that when logs were brought in from outdoors and laid on the fire, the sap oozing from the freshly sawed ends froze into ice drops.

Seldom were the bedrooms warmed. Deep feather beds and heavy bed curtains were the only things that made these sleeping apartments endurable. Warming pans, and later soapstones and hot bricks were employed to mitigate the first frigid entrance to bed.



LOVE LURE

DARING. This mysterious perfume attracts and fascinates. Its rare and exotic fragrance surrounds you with charm and enticement that few are able to resist. Tantalizing and lingering as one's first kiss. Young and old gladly surrender to its seductive charm. Pay postman only \$1.85 plus postage. Secret Directions FREE. Sent sealed. WINEHOLT CO., L-87. Woodbine, Pa.

TRUTHFUL JAMES

or

The Boy Who Would Not Drink

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XV—(Continued)

"No, I don't, Tom; but mother and Miss Sally do."

"Well, I happen to know that they are right."

"The thunder you do!"

"Yes; I heard that the three were going to wait for you along the roadside about a mile and a half from here."

"There'll be trouble, sure," the boy added.

"All right, then. Are you ready for any trouble, Tom, old man?"

"Yes, I can hold my own singly with either of them, but the old man will try peaceful means."

"Well, that's better; but peaceful means will not avail in anything, whatever, for I am going to push the law on George, if there is any law to cover the case."

"Jimmy, who is your lawyer?" Tom asked.

"I am going to be my own lawyer."

"By thunder, that won't do, Jimmy. They will have some lawyer, of course, for his father has plenty of money, you know; and probably he will employ Squire Huckberry, who is a great friend of his. Take my advice, Jimmy, and go to Philip Johnson, who is as sharp as a brief, and can hold his own with the squire any day in the week."

"Tom, I am not able to pay a lawyer's fee. I know Philip Johnson is all right, and as smart as Squire Huckberry; but my witnesses will be enough."

"Don't you believe that, Jimmy. The lawyers will get them tangled up and get the worst of them."

When within a mile of the town they saw three horses standing by the roadside, and on each was mounted a man. Mr. Williams was the first man they recognized, and two young men, the same who had followed Jimmy home the evening before, were with him.

Mr. Williams rode out into the middle of the road and waved his hands for Jimmy to stop. Jimmy reined in his horse and said:

"Good-morning, Mr. Williams."

"Good-morning, Jimmy," returned Williams. "I want to have a talk with you before you reach town."

"All right, sir," said Jimmy. "I'm ready to talk, but the matter between George and me must be settled in the court-house. You can see that the marks on my face are looking more inflamed than ever. I'm not at all vindictive, but I've had enough of this trouble with George; and it has got to be stopped, or else either he or I may be killed, if it goes any further."

"Jimmy, I promise you upon my word of honor that if you withdraw the charge against George the matter will end right there."

"I believe you, sir, if you could control George;

but I happen to know George better than that. He will no doubt promise anything to stop the matter; but I've no faith in him."

One of the young men who had come with Williams turned to young Hicks and asked him why he had come along.

"For the same reason that you did," retorted Tom.

"Oh, you want to have a fight, do you?"

"No, not particularly, but I do want to see Jimmy have a fair show, and he is going to have it, or I will know the reason why."

"Say, boys, drop that sort of talk," said Mr. Williams, "and we will go on to town, and settle the matter in a legal way."

"That's good advice," said Jimmy, who touched his horse with the whip, and went dashing down the road, leaving Williams and the two young men with him to follow after.

Jimmy reached the village fully half an hour ahead of the usual time for court to convene.

The town marshal met him, and told him that feeling was running pretty high on account of George having been locked up the night before.

"And George is swearing," he added, "like a pirate that he'll get even with you, let it cost what it will. Take my advice, Jimmy," he went on, "and get Philip Johnson to represent you, for George's father has employed Squire Huckberry to represent his son."

Just then young Johnson, the lawyer, appeared in sight; and the marshal beckoned to him, so Johnson came up and greeted Jimmy good-humoredly.

"Jimmy," he asked, "who is going to represent you this morning?"

"You will," said Jimmy, "provided you don't charge too much. I never employed a lawyer in my life, and it was my intention when I left home to defend myself in the court-house just as I did when George tackled me."

"Well, that's all right, Jimmy, but that way of settling matters won't be permitted in court. Just leave the case with me, and I will agree not to charge you a penny."

"Well, you can't work for me for nothing, Mr. Johnson. Just go ahead and I'll see that you won't go to the poor-house on account of what I owe you."

"That's all right. I'll have some fun with old Huckberry."

It seemed as though half the villagers were gathered around the court-house to hear the case. Nearly all of them admired Jimmy for the way he had put George under lock and key, instead of doing what nearly every other man would have done, pounded George nearly to death when he had him down, and was tying his hands behind his back.

When the case was called every witness told his story, and ended by saying that George was drunk.

Jimmy told his story, and called attention to the scars on his face, and George called attention to his scars, which were plainly visible where Jimmy had downed him with the handle of the whip, and both he and his friends claimed that the score was about even.

Then the lawyers began their fight. Old Lawyer Huckberry was a pretty shrewd lawyer,

but for keenness of wit and sarcasm young Johnson surpassed him.

Johnson kept the crowd roaring with laughter, for as he spoke of the testimony of each witness for George he wound up with sarcastic repetitions of the witnessess to the effect, "But George was drunk."

"Yes, your honor," said Johnson, "he was indeed drunk, and the trouble was that Jimmy Watson was sober. It is to be everlastingly regretted that Jimmy didn't strip him as far as decency would permit there on the public street, and with that rawhide whip actually flay him alive instead of taking him to the lock-up."

George's father's face showed plainly the keenness of his feeling of disgrace, as he listened to young Johnson's exhortations of his son.

But George had long since passed the natural pride of a young man under such circumstances and felt more keenly the fact that Jimmy had knocked him down, tied his hands behind his back, cast him into the wagon and driven him to the lock-up.

His father and the justice before whom the case was being tried had long been personal friends, and George was relying upon that to save him from any kind of punishment other than a mere trivial fine.

As loud laughter at the witticism of the young lawyer filled the court-room, the face of the elder Williams flushed angrily; and several times young Johnson's wit turned upon the lawyer Huckberry. He even played upon his name, and said there were not huckleberries enough in the county to save young Williams from the consequences of his liquor drinking habit; and before he ended his speech he said that his father, instead of being present to pay his lawyer's fee ought to stand ready to see his son consigned to State prison for his cowardly attack on his client.

Then Williams lost his temper and blurted out in the court-room that he wasn't there to listen to advise from him.

"So much the worse for you and your dutiful son," replied the lawyer.

The case ended by the justice fining George twenty-five dollars for his disorderly conduct, he to stand committed until the fine was paid.

"Mark it paid right now," said George's father, taking out his wallet and counting out the amount of the fine.

As soon as George left the court-house with his father and a few friends, one of the latter slyly slipped a bottle of whisky into his hand, and George watched his opportunity to take a big drink from it.

His father smelled the odor of the whisky on his breath, and turning to him sternly said:

"George, if you get into any more trouble of this kind I'll leave you to your fate, and not spend another cent in your defense. Why don't you do like Jimmy Watson, who is an honest hard worker on his mother's farm, and has the respect of everybody in the community?"

It was an unfortunate piece of advice to George just at the time; for he was in no frame of mind to take it. Holding Jimmy up to him as a model actually threw the boy into a furious rage, and he lost no time in getting away from his father and filling himself full of whisky, and in due

time he was what the boys said was gloriously drunk.

Mr. Williams walked away with Squire Huckberry, and settled his legal obligations to him, and thus lost sight of his wayward son George.

CHAPTER XVI

Jimmy and George Meet Again.

Of course the whisky which George had taken filled him full of Dutch courage. He met Jimmy downstairs, shook his fist in his face and said:

"Jimmy Watson, I dare you to come around behind Ledbetter's store and try it over again. If you can tie my hands behind me and land me in the lockup I won't say another word."

"George, you're drunk again," retorted Jimmy. "You had better follow my lawyer's advice and go back home with your father and spend the rest of your days working on the farm. You will find that it will pay better."

With that George rubbed his fist against Jimmy's nose until he almost forced the blood from it.

Up went Jimmy's fist and knocked George's hand away.

George was not as drunk as he had been during their former meeting in town when the trouble had begun in front of David's store.

And when Jimmy roughly knocked his fist away, he promptly aimed a terrific blow at Jimmy's face; but Jimmy parried it and the worst kind of a rough-and-tumble ensued. George was angry at Jimmy for having gotten the best of him again, and was fighting furiously. Jimmy seemed to be equally as angry at having to fight the battle over once more, and now seemed to have lost control of himself.

There were nearly a score of friends of the two combatants standing near, and as no one was allowed to interfere, the two boys had a fair and square fight then and there behind Ledbetter's store, which effectually concealed them from the people on the street in front.

Somebody informed the town marshal that Jimmy and George were fighting again around behind Ledbetter's store, and he said:

"Is that so?"

"Yes; they are fighting like cats and dogs, and Jimmy is again getting the best of it."

"Well, I must go around and see about it," and he went around through a little alley that divided one store from another and found a crowd of about a score of young men looking on and commenting on the progress of the fight, and of course they were encouraging both of the belligerents.

The marshal then stopped and looked on as an ordinary spectator and saw Jimmy fighting rather on what he thought was the defensive. Finally he landed a severe blow on George's chin that dislocated his jaw, and George fell to the ground, groaning.

Quick as a flash Jimmy turned him over on his face, drew his hands behind his back, and, taking his own pocket handkerchief, proceeded to tie his hands hard and fast behind him.

(To be continued.)

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1928

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

HOW TO SEND MONEY—At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the Coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly.

Single Copies.....	Postage Free	8 cents
One Copy Three Months.....	"	\$1.00
One Copy Six Months.....	"	2.00
One Copy One Year.....	"	4.00
Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$6.00		

Address letters to

WESTBURY PUBLISHING CO., Inc.
140 Cedar Street, New York City.

FRED KNIGHT, Pres. and Treas.
R. W. MARR, Vice-Pres. and Sec.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

A BELL 700 YEARS OLD

A church bell 700 years old is still in use in a church in Vestergoetland, a province of Sweden. On it is this inscription in quaint medieval Swedish: "When I was made, I then was one thousand two hundred twenty Winters and eight from God's birth."

SIZE OF LINER CREWS

The large ocean liner of today carries a crew more numerous than the population of many small towns. Veritable floating hotels, the great ships seem to have all the departments of a land hostelry except a house detective and a taxi starter, the duties of the former devolving on the purser's staff.

The victualing or stewards' department has the largest personal, including cooks, waiters, bell-boys, bakers, barbers and butchers. The engineering staff includes plumbers, refrigerating, hydraulic and deck engineers as well as the engine room men. Both engineering and deck crews have shrunk with the advance of mechanical mastery since the day of sail.

MODEL OF NEW YORK CITY CATCHES BERLINERS' EYES

A model of New York City, two yards long and more than a yard wide, is proving one of the great attractions to window shoppers on Unter den Linden.

The Hamburg-America Line commissioned a Hamburg engineer, Herr Niess, to construct this miniature reproduction of the largest city in the new world. He succeeded so well that anyone familiar with New York can spot the Woolworth Building, City Hall, Times Square, Columbia University or any other landmark.

That the model is proving an eye-opener to

Germans is attested by the comment one hears. The size of the skyscrapers, the regularity of the streets, the wide expanse of New York harbor—all this causes ejaculations of surprise.

DOUBLE OF WOODROW WILSON IS LEAVING FRENCH CHAMBER

The late President Wilson's double, M. Bonnet de Paillerets, will be missed from his familiar seat at the Palais Bourbon, when the new chamber assembles.

Tall, slim, gray-haired, distinguished looking, with keen eyes flashing behind pince-nez, the resemblance was striking and startled American visitors. He was of a retiring disposition, rarely speaking.

M. Bonnet de Paillerets intended to seek reelection for Marvejols, a constituency in the south of France. But on learning that his friend and senior in point of service, the Marquis de Chambrun, planned also to stand there, he withdrew.

THE OLD BUCKING-BOARD IS GONE

Every old-time lumberman remembers that institution of the logging camp, the bucking-board. It was a piece of card board or heavy paper tacked to the inside of the camp door by the scaler every Saturday night. On it was written the name of each teamster and the number of feet of logs he had hauled that week. The one with the largest total to his credit got his name and the figures in red crayon at the top of the list.

The bucking-board stood for a lot in those days before the four-foot pulpwood sticks practically ended the long-logging industry. Many were the schemes devised to win the preferred position. To haul more logs than his mates an ambitious teamster would try to be the first man out with his team in the morning, and often he might go for an extra load at night.

No money bonuses were offered—honor was all those heroic forest laborers of a more romantic and less mercenary period sought. Occasionally a camp boss would give prizes of three, two and one pound of tobacco to the three teamsters with highest records. In one Canadian camp the wages of all teamsters were voluntarily raised by the company because of the prodigious amount of work the men did in their efforts to get their names at the top of the bucking-board.

Those earlier lumber-jacks held feats of physical prowess in high esteem, and in every branch of the lumbering industry the desire to excel was evident. This rivalry led to practical jokes. A teamster who got up a few minutes ahead of the others and harnessed his team before breakfast would quite likely find that a rival had unharnessed it while he was eating.

By muffling the sleigh bells with wet snow, a teamster would be occasionally successful in stealing a lead over his mates through the silence of his departure. Pouring water over the sled runners and freezing them solidly to the snow was a sure way of delaying a teamster. But such pranks are seldom played today and bucking-boards are no longer seen.

The Genteel Train Wrecker

By Alexander Armstrong

I was running on the Gulfport and Bilford road.

A portion of the line extended through a rather wild region, and the State was noted from its early history for the number of desperadoes within its borders.

Bilford was a large town, and had a bank. One morning Mr. Belcher, the cashier, came to my house while I was eating my breakfast.

We both came from the same town in the north, and it was through his influence that I obtained my situation in that distant State.

He looked anxious and troubled when he came into the house.

He slept in the bank, with a whole arsenal of weapons in the bed with him.

When I looked at him I suspected that the institution had been robbed in the night; but I was mistaken.

"Baisley, I have to send twenty thousand dollars in gold to the bank in Fishville," said he in a low tone, after he had looked about to assure himself that no one but myself was within hearing distance.

We made the arrangements for the transportation of the gold before I left the house.

I intended to place the boxes on my seat, removing the spring cushion to make room for them.

When everything was arranged, Mr. Belcher rose to leave the house.

The dwelling contained but two rooms, and the front door opened into the room in which I lived. As the cashier walked to the door there was a very decided knock on the outside.

Mr. Belcher stopped, and I went to answer the summons.

I found that the door was ajar when I went to open it.

A well-dressed man stood on the step.

He bowed very politely.

As I had not heard him come up the steps I wondered how long he had been at the door. But I did not think he could have heard what passed between the cashier and me, even if he had been there.

"I am getting up a dancing school," said he, in the politest manner possible, "and I shall be glad to have your children attend."

"My children!" I exclaimed, laughing, for the idea amused me very much. "I have no children."

"Isn't this Mr. Baisley?" he inquired, taking a paper which appeared to be a list of names from his pocket.

"That's my name; but I have no chick or child in the world."

He apologized very handsomely for his blunder and then departed.

The cashier went to the bank.

An hour later, on my way from the round-house to the station, I stopped the machine where

the line crossed the common road in an unfrequented place, and the three tobacco boxes containing the gold were transferred from a wagon to the cab.

I covered them with an overcoat, and placed a cushion on them.

Each box weighed about twenty-five pounds.

The train started on time, and all went well till it arrived at Buckvale, fifteen miles from Bilford, where we made our first stop.

I had hardly brought the machine to a stand when a very genteel man, apparently about forty years of age, stepped up to the cab with a letter in his hand.

"Mr. Baisley?" he inquired.

That was my name, and he gave me the letter. I saw that it was directed to me, and I opened it.

It read like this:

"Mr. John Baisley:

"Dear Sir.—This letter will be handed to you by Richard Ganwood, Esq., the president of the Gun Hill Bank. He came up by the night train with an order from the Fishville bank for the twenty thousand dollars in gold on your engine. You will deliver the boxes to him at Gun Hill, taking his receipt for the money, and he will pay you the one hundred dollars agreed upon. I have written my name five times on the photograph of Mr. Ganwood, which he will give you, to make sure that you deliver the gold to the right person.

"Yours truly,

"Amos Belcher."

This letter was written on the sheet with an engraved heading used by the bank.

It appeared to be all right.

The photograph was produced.

It was a good picture of the genteel person with the letter, and the cashier had written his name upon it as stated in the letter.

I was afraid something might be wrong, though I could not see how it was possible: Why had not Mr. Belcher come to me, if Mr. Ganwood was in season to take the train?

I asked the president of the Gun Hill Bank about this.

"I did not find Mr. Belcher till five minutes before the train started, and I jumped on the car after it had started," he explained.

I talked with him till the order came to start the train.

I told him I would make up my mind what to do by the time the train reached Gun Hill. I thought of the matter all the way; and I decided not to give up the boxes to the genteel person.

He was a stranger to me, and it was just possible something was wrong, though I could not put my finger on anything about the matter that looked irregular.

Mr. Ganwood was very polite when I informed him that I intended to deliver the boxes according to my orders from the cashier.

He argued the case like a lawyer.

"You are a stranger to me, sir; and for that reason I can't let you have the boxes," I replied to all he said.

He told me how much damage would be done to his bank by my refusal to obey the written orders of Mr. Belcher; but I stuck to my text, and started the machine with the "golden weed" still under me.

The next station was Rabbit Plain, ten miles from Fishville.

At this point I saw the genteel bank president jump into a carriage with another man, and they were driven rapidly away.

I ran down to the tank to fill the tender.

There was no water in it. Some rogue or villain had let it all out within a few minutes.

The water had to be pumped up by horse power; and I was detained for over half an hour.

When the tender was filled I started again, and hurried the machine as much as possible in order to make up my time in part.

When I rounded the hill on the edge of Rabbit Plain I was going over twenty miles an hour.

Suddenly I discovered that the track was obstructed.

Half a cord of sleepers and other timbers had been placed on the roadbed.

I saw that they were ingeniously arranged to wreck the train.

I saw at once that I had not distance enough to stop the train.

As there appeared to be nothing but wood in the pile, I thought it would be better to hit it hard, and I pulled out the throttle.

I struck the heap of rubbish, and the air was filled with flying sleepers and splinters.

My plan proved to be a good one, for the machine did not leave the track.

I shut off the steam, as soon as the engine hit the pile, and reversed the motion, whistling the brakes on at the same time.

Unfortunately, the second passenger car was thrown off by a log under the wheels.

Before the train stopped I saw two men rushing towards the engine.

They came out from a clump of bushes.

The one at the head was the genteel president of the Gun Hill Bank; the other was the dancing master who had called upon me in the morning.

I deemed it advisable to pull out my revolver and cock it.

The two men continued to approach the engine.

I saw that I had done the right thing in refusing to give up the gold to the genteel applicant for it.

These two men had attempted to wreck the train in order to obtain the money under me.

"Now, I will take those three boxes, Mr. Baisley, if you please," said Mr. Ganwood.

"But I don't please," I replied.

"Then I shall be obliged politely to persuade you to do so," he added, pointing a pistol at my head. "This is my last argument; and you——"

When he had got so far he dropped, and never moved again.

I did not wait to hear his last argument. I put my own in before he had time to say any more.

The dancing master fired next; but he was com-

pletely demoralized by the fall of his principal. He fired one shot from his revolver, and then ran, for the passengers were rushing forward to find out what the matter was.

He was pursued and captured.

The passenger car thrown off the track was badly smashed, and those behind it were injured.

We had but few passengers; and putting them into the forward car, I proceeded to Fishville.

A brakeman was sent back to Rabbit Plain Station to procure a gang to remove the shattered cars from the track.

The dead body of the robber and train wrecker was conveyed to Fishville, where it was identified as that of a noted burglar who had fled from the North to escape the penalty of his crimes.

I delivered the gold "in good order and condition" to the Fishville bank; but I had no time to tell the story connected with it.

When I returned to Bilford in the evening I found Mr. Belcher at the station, intensely anxious about the safety of the treasure.

"I got your letter at Buckvale," I said to him, willing to let the story come out in a natural way.

"What letter?" he demanded, opening his eyes very wide.

"The one you sent by Mr. Ganwood, the president of the Gun Hill Bank."

"I don't know Mr. Ganwood; and there is no bank at Gun Hill."

"I did not know that," I added, handing him the letter.

He read it, and then indulged in a howl of anguish.

"You needn't cry, Mr. Belcher; I didn't let him have the gold; and later in the day I shot him dead with my revolver," I continued.

He was greatly relieved, and then I told him the whole story.

He almost hugged me, and paid me the hundred dollars on the spot.

The bank directors voted me five hundred more.

I used the money in leaving the State.

If I had not fired quick while the gentlemanly villain was talking to me, I and not he would have been the dead man.

It was a narrow escape, and I do not care to meet another Genteel Train Wrecker.

NATIONS' ATTITUDE ON AUTOS IS SET FORTH BY EUROPEANS

Automobiles are still the exception rather than the rule on the Continent of Europe. Recently, when automobile advertisers got together to think up ways of inducing Europeans to buy cars, one of the speakers summarized the attitude of different people toward the automobile as follows:

"At the present time an automobile in France is a privilege; in Germany, an instrument of domination; in England, an element of comfort; in Italy, one more reason for loving modern life, while in the United States it is merely a current utility."

It will probably be a long while before automobiles become more or less common property in Europe.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

NEW FRENCH CITIZENS

A large increase in the naturalization of foreigners living in France is reported as the result of the liberalizing of citizenship laws last July. According to the Paris Petit Journal, the number of residents choosing French citizenship in 1927 was 84,058, against 45,371 in 1926.

GERMAN WOMEN VOTERS LEAD MEN BY NEARLY 2,250,000

German women, if they were united and organized for concerted action, could control the Government. A report published recently shows that female voters outnumber males by nearly two and one-quarter millions.

Since the last Reichstag election 16,500 more women than men reached voting age. The growing preponderance of the fair sex will undoubtedly compel politicians at the national election, May 20, to give greater recognition to the majority which now plays but an unimportant part in the Government though it holds a number of mandates in the Reichstag and various diets.

MOTOR TRACTORS IMPRESS ESKIMOS

The airplanes now used in the Arctic by the Canadian Government excited but slight interest in the Eskimos who saw them, according to Dr. M. O. Malte, Canadian Dominion botanist. The white man had good tools and could therefore do anything.

When they saw a small motor tractor hauling supplies to the Canadian Mounted Police post, however, their reaction was very different. Here was a problem with which they were entirely familiar. "No dogs," they cried. "Very good! No dogs!"

When it is realized that a dogteam consumes as much food as a good-sized family, and that if the dogs are not fed the man cannot go hunting, the reason for their keen appreciation of the tractors is evident.

SPECIAL WATER SUPPLY DEPARTMENT FOR THE FRENCH ARMY.

Within a recent period, the French army has undertaken the organization of the water supply on a very efficient basis. This is made necessary by the present circumstances, says Le Matin, for in fact there is a great accumulation of men and horses in certain regions of the fighting line in which there is only sparse population. Then we also have the extensive army transports consisting of ammunition and supplies upon old or new railroads, requiring a large amount of water for the locomotives. In view of the extensive water supply which is needed for all these purposes, it became necessary to organize an efficient department for this work, and specially to provide for sufficient supply during dry seasons.

One part of the work consisted in securing a supply from springs and properly fitting these up, either to obtain the water or to prevent contamination. Wells were also cleaned out, disinfected and provided with a pumping, and now

wells were driven, in many cases down to 500 feet. Again, in special cases where an especially large supply was to be obtained, this led to the construction of veritable waterworks with pumping machines on a large scale and pipe lines of several length. For instance, at four or five points there are now plants which elevate as much as 25,000 cubic feet per day and distribute it in the camps as well as to watering tanks for the cavalry and reservoirs used for supply of steam engines.

In the army zone, the water supply is organized on standard methods. For the troops, the layouts existing in the villages are improved and extended. Reservoirs and hydrants are erected near hospitals and barracks or camps, and tank stations are spaced along the roads for use for the travelling kitchens and motor tank wagons.

UNDERGROUND RIVERS ARE FOUND TO ORIGINATE IN THREE WAYS

One of nature's oddities is the underground river, many of which have been found beneath the United States. Streams under the earth's surface arise in three different ways. One of them is by water seeping through limestone rock and running under the surface, to emerge some distance away. Charles P. Berkey, Professor of Geology and Mineralogy at Columbia University, says that "the underground waters move through the fractures and joints of the rock and gradually dissolve some of it, making in this way more and more room for the flowing water. . . . This kind of action forms caves, many of which are extensive indeed."

In many limestone regions small streams developed on the surface have disappeared into the ground. Subterranean rivers are also formed in sandy and gravel districts, the river sinking through the sand and gravel to reappear further away.

The third way in which underground rivers take form, according Julian D. Sears of the United States Geological Survey, is disclosed in districts "where large areas have been submerged by lava which is likely to break up on cooling in such a way as to be very permeable. In some of the lava-covered areas the water sinks as rapidly as it does in limestone and tends to follow the pre-existing streamways and eventually to emerge in large springs. Underground streams of this type are found in Idaho, Oregon and California.

These rivers are often traced by following sink-holes—depressions shaped like saucers with holes in the bottom. Sometimes underground rivers wear away the earth and rock above them and make their subterranean courses visible by putting coloring matter in them, uranin dye being adapted to the purpose. Last year, in Manchester, England, an underground river traced in this way was found to be more than eight miles long.

Big Lake, Arkansas, is one of the best known outlets of underground rivers. It is supposed that this lake has a connection with the Mississippi, as it rises and falls with the ebb and flow of the river.

CURRENT NEWS

ANTIQUE MODERNIZED

In front of a theatre in Forty-fourth street stands a concrete pedestal surmounted by a medieval head done in stone. Ordinarily it does not attract as much attention as the sculptured basket of fruit over the next doorway. It lately came to larger public notice because of the interest taken in it by some realistic Broadwayite, who, objecting to its austere appearance, smeared the cheeks with rouge, applied the lip stick, and placed a half-burned cigarette stub in its mouth.

PRUSSIA SENDS CUP AND SAUCER TO ALL WHO REACH 100TH YEAR

The Prussian Ministry has asked all officials of the State to make it their business to keep informed on approaching hundredth birthday anniversaries, and advise the Ministry.

The reason for this is that the Prussian Premier sends letters of congratulations to men and women passing the hundredth milestone. With the letter goes a "gift of honor" in the shape of a cup and saucer from the State porcelain factory.

During 1927 alone twenty-five cups were distributed to centenarians.

A UNIVERSITY BUILDING

The University of New Brunswick in Canada will have a new building, financed and equipped by the Government of the Province, to house the Departments of Forestry and Mineralogy as soon as the bill containing this proposal passes the Legislature. The School of Forestry at the university at present has an enrollment of fifty students, and the need for new equipment and space has become evident. A mineralogist will be appointed by the Government to direct study and research as soon as the new building comes into use.

ARMY MANOEUVRES IN COLD CLIMES

Taking advantage of the severe cold at some of its northern posts during the past Winter, the United States Army perfected its manoeuvres for Arctic climes. This was done because its soldiers might be called upon to serve again in cold areas. In the World War several regiments were dispatched to Archangel, in Northern Russia, and to Siberia.

At Fort Snelling, Minn., the soldiers of the Third Infantry learned to march on skis across blizzard-stricken country. The Third Cavalrymen of Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., were instructed in ski-joring. The Seventh Field Artillerymen at the latter post were taught to mount their French '75's on sleighs and follow in the wake of the doughboys.

NEW ENGLAND RETAINS PUMPKINS IN DIET

On New England farms the pumpkin is a valuable article of food today as it was 300 years ago. It is easy to grow, easy to cook and easy to keep

in a dried form. One Colonial poet showed his appreciation in this couplet:

We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins at noon;

If it were not for pumpkins we should be undone.

Although there were many ways in which the fruit was prepared, stewed pumpkin sauce and pumpkin bread were among the most popular. In making the bread, a half quantity of Indian meal was used and the loaf was not particularly attractive in appearance. A traveler in New Hampshire in 1704 wrote of pumpkin bread as an "awkward food." Occasionally one still finds it in rural sections of Connecticut and Rhode Island.

The Indian custom of cutting the rind from pumpkins, stringing the pieces and drying them was followed by the white Colonists.

BIG TANK A SUCCESS

The feature of the tank display at Issy-les-Moulineaux, France, on April 4, was a tank said to be the largest in the world. Smaller tanks to the number of twenty-five took part, but without any recorded remarkable results. The manoeuvre was for the benefit of 1,500 members of the National Union of Reserve Officers and was accompanied by a lecture by Commandant Frère, head of the Tank School, who reached every part of the manoeuvre ground by means of loud-speakers.

The giant tank, which is over 30 feet in height, was brought by railway from its station at Châlons-sur-Marne, where it forms part of the new defenses of Paris. It is 12 feet long and 9 feet wide and is armed with one 75-millimetre gun and four machine-guns. It has a motor of 600 horsepower and wireless telegraph apparatus. The crew consists of an officer and eleven non-commissioned officers and men. Up hill and down and over obstructed fields its average speed was eight miles an hour. While in motion it successively hit a hill-backed target at distances varying from one-half to one mile.

MAINE FISHERS LIKE MEAT DIET

Strangely enough, the New England coast fishermen eat comparatively little fish, particularly since motor boats put them and their families in more intimate touch with the meat markets. When a small boat fisherman of Casco Bay, for example, had sold his day's catch at Portland and is returning to his home on island or main, the chances are he is bringing back a roast of beef, a leg of lamb or a ham.

In hard Winters, when the fisherman's income is small, he and his family eat fish, lobsters, clams—any food he can get without cost other than his own labor. But in the Summer, when fish are plentiful and the market is profitable, the fisher folk become meat eaters. Small Hampton boatmen load whole sides of beef into their craft, strips of bacon, boxes of pork sausages and frankfurters.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

— Latest Issues —

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1130 The Little Operator; or, Cornering the "Bears" of Wall Street.</p> <p>1131 Air Line Ed; or Building a Telegraph Line.</p> <p>1132 A Boy of the Curb; or, The Secret of a Treasury Note.</p> <p>1133 From Foundry Boy to Steel King; or, The Rise of a Young Bridge Builder.</p> <p>1134 The Missing Box of Bullion; or, The Boy Who Solved a Wall Street Mystery.</p> <p>1135 Claim No. 7; or, A Fortune from a Gold Mine.</p> <p>1136 Out for Big Money; or, Touching Up the Wall Street Traders.</p> <p>1137 The Boy Ice King; or, Coining Money From the River.</p> <p>1138 Four of a Kind; or, The Combination that Made Wall Street Hum.</p> <p>1139 Bob Brandon, Contractor; or The Treasure That Led To Fame.</p> <p>1140 A Boy From the South; or, Cleaning Out a Wall Street Crowd.</p> <p>1141 Hal, the Hustler; or, The Feat That Made Him Famous.</p> <p>1142 A Mad Broker's Scheme; or, The Corner that Couldn't Be Worked.</p> <p>1143 Dollars From Dust; or, The Boys Who Worked a Silver Mine.</p> <p>1144 Billy Black, the Broker's Son; or, The Worst Boy in Wall Street.</p> <p>1145 Adrift In the Sea; or, The Treasure of Lone Reef.</p> <p>1146 The Young Wall Street Jonah; or, The Boy Who Puzzled the Brokers.</p> <p>1147 Wireless Will; or, The Success of a Young Telegraph Operator.</p> <p>1148 Wall Street Jones; or Trimming the Tricky Traders.</p> <p>1149 Fred the Faker; or, The Success of a Young Street Merchant.</p> <p>1150 The Lad From 'Frisco; or, Pushing the "Big Bonanza."</p> <p>1151 The Lure of Gold; or, The Treasure of Coffin Rock.</p> <p>1152 Money Maker Mack; or, The Boy Who Smashed a Wall Street "Ring."</p> <p>1153 Missing For a Year; or, Making a Fortune in Diamonds.</p> | <p>1154 Phil, the Plunger, or; A Nervy Boy's Game of Chance.</p> <p>1155 Samson, the Boy Blacksmith; or, From the Anvil to Fortune.</p> <p>1156 Bob's Big Risk; or, The Chance That Came But Once.</p> <p>1157 Stranded in the Gold Fields; or, The Treasure of Van Dieman's Land.</p> <p>1158 "Old Mystery," the Broker; or, Playing a Daring Game.</p> <p>1159 Capital, One Dime; or, Boring His Way to Fortune.</p> <p>1160 Up Against a Hot Game; or, Two College Chums in Wall Street.</p> <p>1161 A Big Contract; or, The Poor Boy Who Won.</p> <p>1162 Benson's New Boy; or, Whooping up the Wall Street Market.</p> <p>1163 Driven to Work; or, A Fortune From a Shoestring.</p> <p>1164 The Way to Make Money; or, Taking Chances in Wall Street.</p> <p>1165 Making His Fortune; or, The Deal of a Plucky Boy.</p> <p>1166 The Stock Exchange Boys; or, The Young Speculators of Wall Street.</p> <p>1167 Seven Bags of Gold; or, How a Plucky Boy Got Rich.</p> <p>1168 Dick, The Wall Street Raif; or, From News-boy to Stockbroker.</p> <p>1169 Adrift on the Orinoco; or, The Treasure of the Desert.</p> <p>1170 Silent Sam of Wall Street; or, A Wonderful Run of Luck.</p> <p>1171 Always on the Move; or, The Luck of Messenger 99.</p> <p>1172 Happy-Go-Lucky Jack; or, The Boy Who Fooled the Wall Street Brokers.</p> <p>1173 Learning a Trade; or, On the Road to Fortune.</p> <p>1174 Buying on Margin; or, The Boy Who Won the Money.</p> <p>1175 Joe Darcy's Treasure Hunt; or, The Secret of the Island Cave.</p> <p>1176 A "Live" Boy; or, Quick to Get the Dollars.</p> <p>1177 "A Barrel of Coin; or, The Luck of a Boy Trader."</p> <p>1178 "Driven to the Wall; or, The Nerve of a Wall Street Boy."</p> <p>1179 "Johnny the Parcel Boy; or, The Lad Who Saved the Firm."</p> |
|--|--|

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 8 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps.

WESTBURY PUBLISHING CO., Inc.

140 Cedar Street,

New York City